

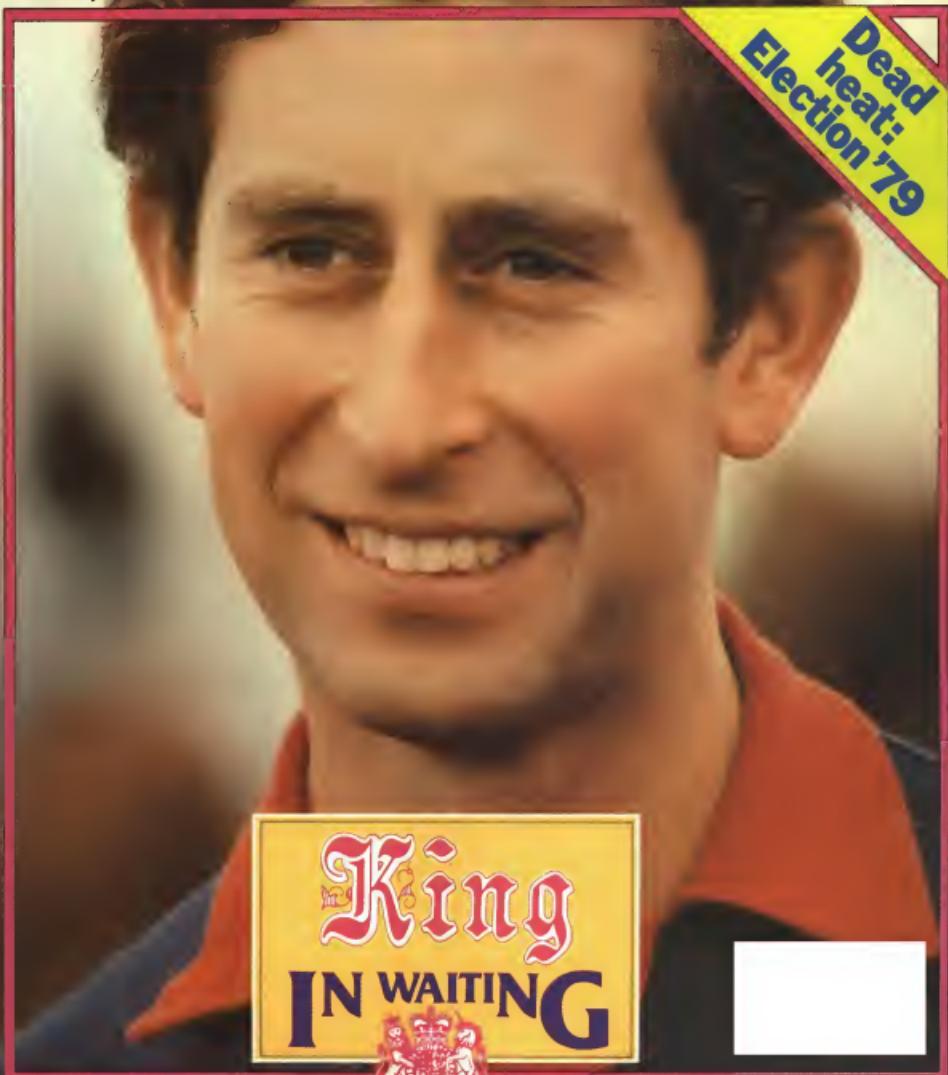
CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

APRIL 16, 1979

75¢

Dead  
heat:  
Election '79



King  
IN WAITING



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CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

# Maclean's

APRIL 18, 1973

VOL. 92 NO. 16



## Under the mind behind

### Wedding-bell blues

At 32, National Theatre School grad Rose Brown may have landed her first major role in a movie. But what price celebrity? She had to postpone her memoir plans. **Page 28**



GO-UP STORY

#### How to Write

His will to Canada had all the elements of a well-run business trip and whether showing interest in winter combat gear or giving the royal nod to the new Governor-General, Prince Charles was the perky young executive. Gone is the student prince, almost gone is the bachelor prince. The King-in-Waiting has entered a new phase as professional partner in the "Family



Attack! Attack! Attack!

While Prime Minister Trudeau contemplated his own political mortality, Clark tried to minimize his mistakes and Broadbent spent the week on high

### What about the point?

As nuclear refugees wandered home to Three Mile Island Reactor 2, Jimmy Carter had to answer tough questions about future sources of energy.

Page 38

## CONTENTS

|   |           |   |
|---|-----------|---|
| <b>Editorial</b>  | <b>3</b>  | they may. Arab's last stand would range and the protests begin. <i>Left</i> goes in Spain   |
| <b>Frontline</b>  | <b>4</b>  |   |
| <b>Canada</b>   | <b>18</b> |   |
| Plyes high over Canada, the three leaders talk to the <i>Left</i> campaign, <i>Red</i> reminds us to witness stand. C.B. A. Ben net seeks new members. <i>Left</i> hopes scandal, <i>Red</i> goes low money |           |   |
| <b>Cover Story</b>  | <b>22</b> |   |
| <b>People</b>   | <b>36</b> |   |
| <b>World</b>  | <b>38</b> |   |
| <b>Business</b>   | <b>33</b> |   |
| <b>Sports</b>   | <b>36</b> |   |
| Canada's boys of summer play ball   |           |   |
| <b>Environment</b>  | <b>39</b> |   |
| <b>Labor</b>  | <b>41</b> |   |
| The northeast: Ontario tower of Kenora is playing its dues in a costly strike   |           |   |
| <b>Medicine</b>   | <b>43</b> |   |
| With a new wrinkle in telephones, doctors can now live by remote control  |           |   |
| <b>Books</b>  | <b>46</b> | Good as Gold is better than gold. <i>The Hydro Head</i> , <i>A Manual for Miner and Investor</i> and <i>Endless and Other Stories</i> —the Latin American revolution, and <i>The Midges</i> |
| <b>Fame</b>   | <b>50</b> |   |
| The Champ is a chess. Dick Rogers beats eight again, <i>Wrestle</i> Ponzi at Hong Kong Rock—César Katz without the needful  |           |   |
| <b>Allen Fotheringham: Columns</b>  | <b>52</b> |   |



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## Editorial

# The '79 electoral zoo: Clark, the lion in winter vs. Trudeau, the tiger in spring



By Peter C. Newman

**T**here is a kind of fatal deployment of forces within the personalities of our two major party leaders which almost guarantees that their only chance for political greatness will come through inadvertence. As they rear across the hustings, Pierre Trudeau (jaw thrust out, thumbs figuratively or literally hooked in his belt loops) aspires to become a tiger in spring, while Joe Clark (voice deliberately dropped an octave to signify either wisdom or a bad cold) is doing his best to appear the lion in winter.

It's becoming a contest of paradoxes: Trudeau, the quintessential French Canadian, is campaigning on a get-tough-with-Quebec platform; Clark, the boy from Yellowhead, Alberta, is running on a much more conciliatory ticket. Neither is spelling out the details of his policies on the Canadian future, but there is an important difference. Following the tradition of Bob Stauffer and Lester Pearson, Clark seems dedicated to minimum risk, with federal-provincial issues being settled around a negotiating table where premonitory peacock can be softened and defered. By contrast, Trudeau is taking a tougher gamble on the theory of the electoral dice, directly challenging the ideology and authority of René Lévesque's bid to take Quebec out of Confederation. Both seem unsure that unless they offer much more precise definitions (national unity for what?), the key Confederation question becomes a secular mantra of sheepish slogans.

One example of an issue that has escaped both leaders' attention is that we've already sold off most of the wealth-that-makes-wealth in this country as fast as we could find outside buyers. In the process we've managed the difficult trick of actually moving backward from having been a nation of independent business leaders to becoming economic squatters in our own land. Foreign-owned corporate assets in Canada are now valued at \$145 billion, 235 of the 500 leading corporations being controlled by outsiders. These subsidiaries act to maximize the profits of their parent firms.

The cynical view of the moment is that the most beneficial outcome of the 1979 campaign might be a Tory minority which would force Pierre Trudeau's resignation, to be followed shortly by another election that would bring about a Liberal majority, triggering Joe Clark's departure. Then we could start all over again. Meanwhile, the nation's voters can only hope that one of the two boozers due to form the next government will wake up to some higher ideal than exporting or retaining power.

In the clash between the comfortable and the concerned that determines the outcome of every election, our leaders are being granted a nice gift. The campaign has lured them out of their Ottawa lairs into the spring landscape where they are daily being confronted by live people with real problems. It's a situation that tends to make both Trudeau and Clark set edgy and feel threatened. It shouldn't. They are being threatened only with enlightenment.

## Maclean's

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# Old McGill is alive and well in the new Quebec

By David Thomas

**A**t David Johnston's official press conference last February, the McGill principal—then a French-speaking reporter offhandedly disclosed his ambivalence with Quebec's official language. "We'll learn it," he gushed. "And, anyway, he's so handsome."

Such non sequiturs are almost unassimilated in the greater McGillian culture, on the modern Montreal campus besieged by Scottish far-trader James McGill. The 150-year-old university is one of the few in North America showing an increase in enrollment and an unexpected surge in private contributions—\$80.5 million since 1976. A rash of students and money that would reensure faculties elsewhere. In these days of evaporating enrolments, but McGill's mood remains disconcerting.

*During Johnston's sketchy up the ice, red-faced, angry. He paused right by me without so much as a glance. And did I notice tears in his eyes? I mean, okay, the ride was at stake, but Jesus—tears! But there David, our reporter, had this incredible streak going for him, across years and his never played on a diving side, high school or college. It was like a movie legend. That movie legend,*

*3 of Eric Segal's *Love Story*, in real, the same David Johnston who, in September, will be*

one principal of what is still arguably Canada's most respected institution of higher learning. McGill's choice of the 31-year-old former college hockey hero, a son of Harvard directory and Segal's and the author of a book for the board of governors at the very least, marked a morale summary for the university's weary-faced regime. Johnston has

repeatedly, as a winter that began the meteoric rise of *Love Story*, Fairly-keenly charming and as careful with words as a politician, he seduced McGill's board of governors early this year with his distinction as a scholar and administrator, based during the last five years as dean of law at the University of Western Ontario.

McGill clings to the same slope of Mount Royal as the upper-middle strata of English Montreal, a withering elite whose once-intimidating bluster has been overwhelmed by the spectacle of moving mass. Translated into cold statistics, the embossed effect of the Anglo exodus, declining birth, dwindling immigration and Quebec law restricting English schooling to children of parents themselves oriented in Quebec. English schools add up to an uncertain future for the English-language educational establishment.

Above: 80

per cent of McGill enrollment comes from Quebec's English-language schools. With that kind of dependency, it is only natural that the machine proceeded to hire McGill this winter by projections of a "surge" 8,000 of registration in the Protestant School Board of Greater Montreal. See board Planning Director Tom Blacklock. "The planning for very thoughtful beginning planning, very realistic and sets of short

ranges for a new future is open on. The system as it now exists is not likely to be able to survive for very long."

So shaken was the McGill establishment by the Parti Québécois's accession to power that Arts Dean Robert Vogel suggested that the university flee Quebec for Toronto, Ottawa or even the Yukon. That panicky plan was quickly dismissed by outgoing Principal Robert Bell. But Bell expressed jitters of his own when he went before the provincial government two years ago to predict McGill's demise as a first-class institution because of language legislation choking off the flow of newcomers to English-language schools. "The threat to McGill is real," Bell told the legislature. "Would the loss of or serious damage to McGill matter to Quebec? We expect that it would."

Bell's fundamental objection to the language law "is that it imposes different rights and obligations on different Quebec residents by classifying them into different ethnic and linguistic groups." This denotes a significant evolution in McGill philosophy: the university once maintained barriers to limit the enrollment of Jews. Until the Canadian Jewish Congress objected in 1962, McGill's admission requirement for Jews was a 40-per-cent high-school average. For others, it was 50 per cent. Says former congress director Saul Hayes, "I remember going with Mr. Samuel Beaufort to raise this with S. Cyril James. Though James, president from 1928 to 1962, was sympathetic, there was Hayes' results, resistance to making accommodations. 'Not all the governors were coherent, but some were.' McGill was really the hub of the Protestants and it was



Only by privilege that Jews were let in at all."

Things have changed dramatically since Beaufort's name adorns a campus building, the university offers a complete Jewish-studies program with classes in Hebrew and Yiddish. But still, an unassimilable cast of nervous jitters over McGill in its decision against the treatment they, as a minority in Quebec, can expect from the provincial government. Even a single government suggestion that McGill share surplus space with the city's other English-language university, Concordia, is distressing. "It could be an attempt to create an English ghetto," suspects the university's information officer, Betty Hirtz.

McGill's salvation may, in fact, be in the very phenomenon it now sees as a threat: the fawning of French-speaking Quebec at the expense of its English-speaking. In 1976, 50,000 immigrants of young Quebec nationalists stormed McGill's Sherbrooke Street gates, raising the cry "McGill francophone," a demand that the university becomes a French-language institution. That isn't likely to happen, because no one, least of all Quebec's French-language universities, wants it. But French is becoming an important language on campus and the university is loudly emphasizing its residual dependence with French Quebec. Since the "McGill francophone" demonstration, francophone enrollment has climbed by one per cent a year, to 17 per cent, and the McGill planning office expects one in four students to be francophone in a few years. Already some law courses are offered in French, while McGill and Université de Montréal have faculty exchange prefer-

ence and sponsor joint symposiums. "We regard Université de Montréal as a sister institution," says Associate Dean of Law William Foster.

Other signs of McGill's belated but enthusiastic discovery of the anxiety surrounding it are equally eloquent: the McGill Daily is published in French every Tuesday, McGill is in contact with several French-language resource centers and its sensitivity to Quebec's singer is such that sociologists Maurice Pinard and Richard Hamelin were the first political observers to predict a PQ victory, which they did six months before the November, 1976, election.

It is the fact that McGill is in Quebec that has caused it from the shrinking enrolments suffered by other English-language universities. In fact, its student body increased its numbers by 478 in 1976 (this year). Part of the expansion may be that the proportion of Quebec students speaking English in university is still high. In 1976, Montreal had much of Quebec's next generation of students which, given its will to be in the interdenominational with the rest of the country. McGill has such francophones at its school to acquire the necessary mastery of English. Even the Quebec language law is being seen as an eventual asset, according to a McGill planning office document. "With Bill 101, more and more Quebec students will have been educated in French and may wish to benefit from an English higher education."

The most compelling proof of McGill's new dependence is the source of its money: a full 35 per cent of its \$115-million budget comes from the provincial government. Even if the Parti Québécois were to vanish,

McGill's viability would remain contingent upon the benevolence of Quebec's French-speaking majority. In this, the university shares the plight of most other institutions of English Montreal. Though he didn't realize it at the time, principal-elect Johnston was plunged into that dependence one day last month when he faced cameras in a gubernatorial study of Montreal's Musée du Canada-Canada. Taping an interview for the local CBC English television station, Johnston swerved under the canopy of the set's fanlike maple, overlooking, yes, he did live across the hall from Eric Segal when they both attended Montreal, and, yes, that is him there as in page 18, whole cameraman, the floor manager and the white production team in the control room overheard worked and joined their way through the show entirely in French. The scene underscored the lost autonomy of McGill's English-speaking minority.

A man who grew up in Sudbury, Ontario, and cannot speak French appears, then, an odd choice for principal, given McGill's sensitive situation. Johnston, though, exhibits both a determination to lead and a very humor. "We need my Hugh McLeavens." He promises to spread the summer immersed in French before his formal investiture in September.

He and his family will feel the full impact of Quebec's language regime. His wife, Shirley, is to intern as a physiotherapist and, before being granted a provincial license, must pass a government proficiency test in French. Their daughters, by law, must attend French-language schools. But the new principal seems to welcome the culture shock and the "immobilization" offered by many English-speaking Montrealers, with their traditional "One of the reasons my family and I are attracted to McGill and Montreal is that this is a unique place for our heritage and it's going to be a lot of fun living there." If you have a sense of history, it's really either fulfilling to think that you're going to be able to experience it in an alternative way...and may contribute a bit to the understanding of the times."

Such words are rare within Quebec's bilingual community. And if Johnston brings nothing more than his low-key sense of humor and his evident affinity to English Montreal, his presence will be as greatly needed now to that community, to Quebec and, certainly, to his once-great university. □



Principal-elect Johnston with his family and (above) Eric Segal not only "McGill francophone," but making progress

CLOSEUP

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# Jim Unger: the mind behind 'Herman'

By Roy MacGregor

When Jim Unger moved recently, he took an unfinished thought with him. He carried it from a lonely 13th-floor Ottawa apartment the few blocks to a large house he bought so he could move again, at the age of 41, live under the same roof as his parents. And he set it in a corner, facing the wall, incomplete. The painting wasn't inspired by anything he had actually seen. It was merely an idea, but then Jim Unger believes all of life is an illusion anyway. The background was complete—a boat at anchor, empty and waiting, the jungle beyond threatening—but the dock running out from the banana boat eventually vanishes, as if into the stems of the river.

Soon it will be a year since he decided that painting was a thought he couldn't get completely out of his mind. A genuine block, a failure that stands in sharp contrast to the past two days, when Unger has created fully 25 new *Herman* cartoons, the creative magic astonishing even the blad of his sketching pencil over paper. Hard to believe this same man who spends at the incomplete factory of the jungle boat sat alone in his Ottawa studio this year, laughing hysterically as his friend performed the bored look of a television repairman leaning toward a fat and ugly, unchained couple and announcing, "Folks, the main reason you're not making a good picture is because you bought yourself a television set."

Between this confounding repairman and the peculiar beginnings of *Herman* there are, roughly, 1,200 cartoons and four years. Yet the first creation remains a strong memory, not for what it was—a guy buying a cassette TV, with a salesman halfing up straps and saying, "It's portable if you're going camping"—but for what it became. Unger had been an art director for a weekly newspaper in Mississauga, just outside Toronto, and the job was, he believed, no better nor worse than any of the other traps he had been caught in both in his native England and, since 1965, in this country—admirer, cabby, cop,



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1984 © JAMES UNGER/ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY



## Unger and his unfinished thought: a little madness

driving instruction, reporter, even jaw-tart response. He also believed he was totally without ambition. "Everybody seemed to have aspirations," he would say years later. "But I can't remember anything. I just know that everything I did didn't belong in. I never knew where I belonged." He had a suspicion he might one day escape, though he didn't know how, not even when the publishing publisher came to him with the news that they had neglected to assign an editorial page cartoon. Unger simply did what he was told—and suddenly he belonged.

By the end of that first year he was named "Cartoonist of the Year" by the Ontario Weekly Newspaper Association, and would hold the title for three successive years before leaving. He played variations on the same cartoon, an ugly, fat, banana-nosed slab, and it was so popular that a few of Unger's friends decided to try to improve him to do worse with it than *The Mississauga News*. "They said 'You should try and syndicate my stuff,'" Unger says. "I wasn't even sure what syndicate was."

But eventually they convinced him. He relented, he says, "the syndicate that looked the most important to me." It happened to be the *Toronto Star*, and the *Star* was at least patient with his answer. "No. There's no market for it," Unger would have let it lie. There were at least for the posterizing of his friends and, based on their interest and for all, he sent a half-dozen cartoons off to Universal Press Syndicate in Mississauga, and in August of 1974 Universal sent its response by registered mail: a 16-year contract.

The syndicate insisted on meaning the cartoon *Herman*, even though Unger insisted there was no such character. "I say there isn't a Herman—the name appears in the caption sometimes, but he can be a guy 18 to 90, a cossack, or a Martian." But the syndicate was in. In November of that year *Herman* showed up in 20 newspapers. Today he

is in more than 250—from the *Los Angeles Times* to *The Globe and Mail* and abroad in seven countries—and Jim Unger has fan letters from everyone from Parrot Pawett Majors to a high bureaucrat in the U.S. department of justice who writes to tell him, "You are hereby pardoned for all offenses against the U.S." There are already three books in English, two in German, and *The Art of Herman* is being issued this month (Gage will bring it out in Canada). It's a massive, 808-page, full-color book that is expected to do for Jim Unger what *The Doomsday Chronicle* did for Gary Trudeau.

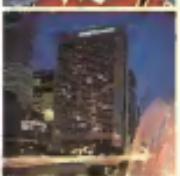
But even before those royalties began, life today for Jim Unger is an 80,000-a-year salary, more time off than on, holidays in Nassau and Mexico and a sleek Fiat X-1/9. What concerns he has sit easily on the shoulders—which might explain why he looks a half-decent year younger than he is. There is talk of a possible Sunday color strip that could double his income (he is the one talking, not the syndicate), talk of getting *Herman* into England, into Australia, even talk of licensing the character for further rewards. And there is praise, since that he ever imagined possible. "Jim Unger is among the top half dozen cartoonists in the English language," says Ted Martin of Toronto's Ted Martin Cartoon Gallery and Illustrators. "Sales," this, "says Lee Salmon, managing editor of Universal Press, "is a page of *Herman*."

"It is a very type of humor," says Ted Martin. "It's very surreal, very black." It is, really, the perfect humor for the 1980s. "We seem to have been born," Unger himself calls it, "old-fashioned" and—though he disagrees—it shows signs of British Good humor of the 1930s (when Unger was growing up in London), with traditions of W.C. Fields (as Unger here), the insults of the Marx Brothers and the sheer stupidity of *The Three Stooges*. There is no *Wizard of Oz* obscurity nor insatiable *Family Circus* cuteness. Unger's great strength lies in his straightforwardness—*Herman* is, even without the punch line, the quintessential nut—and in the reader's instant familiarity with the locals and the situation. That the cartoon strikes a nerve is indisputable; a dentist in Pasadena, California, has bought 25 or more originals at \$65 a piece to line the walls of his office.

"To me," Jim Unger has written, "it's supremely important that the faces fit the situation exactly. It's not just

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enough to have everyone sealing. The caption is not the joke. The situation is the joke and the drawing should be set up like a movie director sets up a scene!"

He giggles. "Here," he says. "Here's a great one." He fumbles through the sheet of new cartoons, selects one and goes serious. "This is in a bank. A man, a huge bank teller here, is a hellion, used to hit tips and is staring with distaste at a nervous customer while a snoopy customer stares from behind. 'Mr. Johnson,' the teller barks. 'Your amount is \$10 overdrawn.' Unger takes it back and looks again, as if he hasn't seen it before, and the heavy mustache rises on large teeth. 'Isn't it the truth,'" he says shaking his head. "And if you've \$10 in your account they write it down."

He doesn't exactly walk into a clown's den when you walk in," says Ted Martin. In truth, Jim Unger would rather talk about anything other than being funny. He often writes letters-to-the-editor about issues from gas control, which he favors, to the sexual behavior of Ottawa males, which he does not favor. He detests organized religion—"the most warped people I've met don't go to church"—and advocates capital punishment.

But it is in talking about his adopted city that he becomes most vocal. He calls Ottawa "Miami after the nuclear attack" and refers to it as "a city of a quarter of a million clones," which may be only slight exaggeration. He lives there because it is where his sister Shirley brought him after she killed his son at Athens 11 years ago when he was 20 to his last few drawbacks. And it is now where his parents are retired. They are a close, warm family and the new house was specifically purchased in December by Jim—who was dreamed ne-



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## Bud the spud... from mussel mud

**D**avid Horne was a musel mudder back in the 30s, piling fellow lumberjacks every winter to dig the black mud from Prince Edward Island's rivers and bays, then spreading the rich fertilizer on their fields. Horne is among those watching with apoplectic interest as mussel mud—completely replaced in the 1940s by the more convenient, packaged fertilizer—is being dug once more. With limestone at \$50 a ton, the musel mud is a godsend. "It's a great product," says Horne. "It's a great fertilizer. It's a great conditioner. It's a great product."

It's a view of wooden horses disease with a broken mind of the traditional horses pulling men out over the ice, over the water on the MacKenzie at the western end of the island by the West Prince Provincial Services Centre. "We wanted to go back as close to the old method as we could," says Jon McDowell, coordinator for the project. "Of course we thought that the horses and which could last. It turned out to be about half as fast as horses because the wheels spin on the ice, but we're not really concerned with speed—we're just getting enough out to experiment."

### Harvesting the mud old ways still work

Mussel mud is not in decay, says McDowell, and reused horses and established cold-weather power as a lumber range as high as 25 years. "The results today may not be as dramatic as 80 years ago because the land here was really poor then," says McDowell. "We didn't have the limestone and an application of mud was a complete lever, as far as productivity was concerned."

The digging process is extremely simple

—large wooden blocks are raised out from the frozen mud, the ice under it is broken away and a scoop is lowered to pull up the mud. A fisheries officer monitors the rear for effects on shellfish and to make sure no live species are taken up with the mud. The mud is being scattered in various measured amounts on a dozen P.E.I. fields—alongside fields fed with chemicals—and the coming growing season should show whether mussel mud might once again become the prime—and affordable—fertilizer of the island. *Spud's Service*

## Four-hoof drive is back

**F**rank Bolen of Cranbrook, B.C., a professional logger for 18 of his 24 years, invested close to \$40,000 in a team of Belgian draft horses and working harness. He plans to make his living in the forest with them. Forty miles down the road, Bill O'Farrell is doing the same thing with Belgian horses. Lorrie Dufour at Salmon Arm took his team of Clydesdales into the bush three years ago to recover an allusion from Crown timber leases, and Adolph Bitter, with his horsemen, Hoffmanns, to date not harvested acres on the Queen Charlotte Islands. These men represent a crew of perhaps 80 loggers scattered around B.C. who think that horses have economic, environmental and aesthetic advantages over mechanized methods, and they want government and industry to let them get their share to the best.

A "new" B.C. logger and a set of horses are cheaper than radars.

Since the early '80s, the old horse loggers have been replaced by mechanized cutters, skidders and loaders. But a wheeled skidder costs about \$80,000 and for an initial investment of about \$50,000, plus operating costs of \$300 to \$400 a month per team, a horse logger can make \$10 to \$30 a day clearing timber—enough to live on, given a steady supply of work. A two-horse two-harness team can log 30 cords (30 cubic feet) a day, depending on the timber and the terrain. Unlike the cumbersome skidders, horse loggers can negotiate thick, rough forest; they had cut diseased trees without destroying the saplings surrounding them, and they don't leave mule scars on the logs.

Environmentally, horse logging who has been down. Soil disturbance is minimal and wildlife isn't fragmented over by roads and mechanized timbering; it appeals as a way of life to men and women willing to work hard in the forest without the noise, stress and waste that go with clear-cut logging. Horse loggers even consider their logging a tourist resource. "My skid trails are more like park trails," says Dufour. "No one expects horse logging to overtake B.C.'s logging industry, but for those who can't see the forest for the trees, the "new" loggers are a valuable example." *Anne Edwards*



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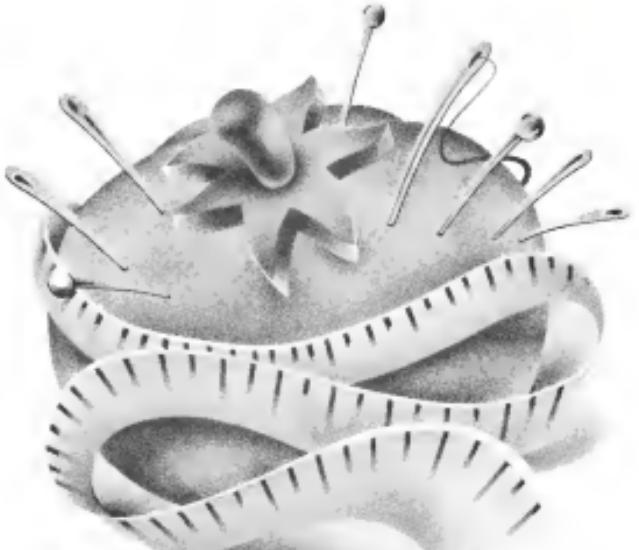
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## Letters

### A new line of credit

Peter Newman's editorial "Canadian Banks and the Jerome of the Money Shredders" (March 12) makes reference to me as having made some suggestions in reflecting concerns on the entry of foreign banks to Canada. I wish I could take the credit, but, in fact, it belongs to the Toronto-Dominion Bank. From whose brief I was quoting by way of challenging the governor of the Bank of Canada, Gerald Bouey, to answer their assertions I believe that under the new Bank Act there should be close and careful supervision of foreign banks to ensure that while the interests of Canadians are served in providing a more competitive service by the banking industry, such interest is not achieved at too high a cost. I am thinking of inefficiencies of many kinds about Canadian concerns which may come from entities which are essentially controlled outside Canada and follow directions that may not be able to take Canadian interests into account. By allowing foreign banks to full-service banking in Canada, we will discourage new Canadian-owned and -controlled banks from emerging. The underlying difficulty I see in the present bill is that the existing banking field will now be occupied by the large Canadian banks and large foreign banks and, consequently, new banking activity by Canadians will be discouraged. I feel strongly that provision should be introduced in legislation in the new Parliament to give special opportunity and incentive to credit unions, trust companies and other Canadian financial entities, borrowing banks, as their business development might indicate.

SENATOR JACK AUSTIN  
 SENATE OF CANADA, OTTAWA



Margaret Trudeau: did she or didn't she?

### Want not, taste not

I feel obliged to comment on your cover story *Magas in the Marketplace*. Why Sir Let It All Hang Out (March 20). If indeed Margaret Trudeau had a "romantic liaison" with Senator Kennedy, and I am not surprised that she did, she should have had enough sense and good taste not to talk about it. If she felt she had to talk about it, Madam's should have had enough sense and good taste not to write about it.

JACQUIN LIAUD, TORONTO

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### Mother-in-Law England

Although excellent in other respects, Gerald Kennedy's *The Once and Future Queen* (March 18) seriously refers to me as an American. In fact, I am a British subject with honorary citizenship in certain Arab countries. The confusion probably stems from the fact that I was born in the United States, a paradox I hoped I had cleared up by legal measures two years ago. While I appreciate that Kennedy's mistake was based on honestly believed misinformation, it is deeply embarrassing for me in this one of my such functions for the Falcons Group to impress an Arab government officials and businessmen the difference between Canadian and American business and the fact that the two are not to be confused.

NEIL PARKER, LONDON, ENGLAND

### Sex and the double standard

How to Staff a White Palace (March 18) offers up a number of smugly prurient revelations, as do the susceptibility of North American women to the sexual blandishments of Caribbean beach boys. The generalization of these conclusions is disturbing enough. But the hub of the book from "the French Canadian types them all" for being "elegant" and "most accessible" and for the single travellers going south, "sex is probably the sole motivator for their departure" are something else. Since both attractions obviously abide to women seeking these clandestine sexual services, both must be banished as cheapshot sexism. As a male traveller who has spent a fair amount of time in the Caribbean, I call your article a crock. As a fibrous, enthusiastic reader of *Maclean's*, I consider your leading sales and credibility to match perhaps a contemptible aortic tet yellow journalism.

ARTHUR S. SAMOELIS, MONTREAL

### The call of the iron

Angela Ferrente's article *A Reassessing "Mysie" for British Renovation* (March 12) was, on the whole, accurate, but contained an error worth pointing out. St. George, on the northeast shoulder of Breckland, is not and never has been a Gaelspeaking area. Nor, as was implied, is the word "Banc" a Gaelspeaking area. It is part of the Breckland dialect and is said to derive from the Dutch word "baan," meaning a stupid fellow, although in Breckland it simply means boy.

IAN CAMPBELL, CAERPHILLY, WALES

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| <b>Pvt/SUV</b><br>LTD and Marquis   | \$210                    |
| <b>Luxury</b><br>Lincoln Continental,<br>Lincoln Versailles and<br>Continental Mark V   | \$275                    |
| <b>Light Trucks 4x2</b><br>Bronco, Courier,<br>Ranchero, F100-F350 4x2  | \$285                    |
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## Letters

### The exorcist cometh

Having read Alan Potherington's column *The Lone Ranger with the Dreadnought Has Done It Again* (March 18), I note that Charles I of England was the inspirational person behind Pierre Trudeau's gurb for the 20th Grey Cup. Unfortunately, Potherington did not take this allusion to its conclusion: Charles I of England may have had the reputation of looking "every inch a king" but he was also publicly executed in 1649 after seven years of rebellion and civil war.

GAVIN GOODELL, LONDON, ONT

### Measures for measures

You profess to be Canada's newsmagazine yet you could not find space for a picture of one of Canada's most talented performers, Bruce Murray (People, March 20). Instead we get Charly Rose. His Charly really contributed more to the entertainment world—in value, that is—than Rose?

MARION M. PIZZETTI, MONTREAL

Murray, contributing more than Charly



### Bumps and grinds

I think that to trivialise such a tragedy as the Glaston Bay callery explosion with the music title *Things That Go Bump in the Night* (March 18) demonstrates exceedingly bad taste. To me, however, it is just one more example of your quest to render any story of human significance into banal, complacent copy that's designed for easy consumption.

RONALD JORDAN, WINDSOR, ONTARIO, N8L

### Meme, meme, tekel, upharsh

I was most impressed by the article *That Which Is Written Cannot Tell a Lie* (March 21) on graphomancy. I have a strong bias against psychological testing for assessing potential employees because many people—with or without a psychology background—can beat the tests. This has been verified by subsequent employee performance. I can sense the validity of graphomancy as a tool in personnel evaluation. I can also envisage the future use of graphomancy as an aid in career counselling and its value in helping individuals select MARGARET D. TAYLOR, WILLOTTDALE, ONT

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## Letters

### The sins of the mother

I strongly support the Ontario Ministry of Community and Social Services for their TV ad campaign on the prevention of mentally retarded children as reported in *The Hard Life of a Friend* (Feb 13). It is important that the government make aware of the dangers of tobacco, drugs, alcohol and poor diet on the developing fetus. It was very disconcerting to hear the negative comments from those in the mental-health field when opinions were sought. They seemed to be more concerned with the statistical claims of the message than the actual point the message was trying to convey. Even if the percentage of new cases is lower than the 50 per cent claimed, surely it is still worth warning the pregnant woman of the serious risks she is taking with her unborn child.

MARGARET BAILEY, ST. THOMAS, ONT

### Up for the count

I was most interested in Keith Cowan's "People to People Petition for Canadian Unity" in *Now Do They Love This? Let Us Count the Women* (March 19). I think it is a great attempt that certainly may help the cause of unity. I agree with Cowan—it is up to ordinary Canadians outside of Quebec to convince the Quebecois that they are wanted and needed.

K. WILLESON, WILLOWDALE, ONT

### Between friends/entre amis

I feel compelled to respond to your article *Go Ahead, Young Men, the Mountaintop's Hell* (March 28) on the difficulties between the Canadian University Service Overseas (CUSO) and its Quebec counterpart, Services Universitaires Canadiens (SUCO) (90300). The CUSO/SUCO board members quoted in your article, particularly those who have left the board, do not represent the majority view. It is unfortunate that you did not talk to either the chairperson of the CUSO/SUCO board or the chairperson of the CUSO committee. All directors are concerned about the inter-relationships between the anglophone CUSO and the francophone SUCO branches of the corporation. We view the situation as a question of international political scope. As with other international organizations, however, and despite our differences within our organizations that have their roots in language and cultural questions, separation is one possible solution. Many of us in CUSO/SUCO are working at alternate methods of resolving our differences to the benefit of the organizations and international development as a whole.

STANLEY STONESTRALL, MILTON, ONT

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# Attack! Attack! Attack!



The Battle of Canada began in earnest last week as the fighters took their jets to the sky, completing 21,187 air miles as missions to such diverse targets as Campbell River, B.C., Fort McMurray, Alberta, Regina, Saskatchewan, and Charlottetown, New Brunswick. Their objective: to find and seize the undecided 35 per cent of the voters who can break the virtual deadlock in the latest Gallup

polls. Of committed voters the Liberals have 42 per cent, PCs 41, NDP 11, Progressive Conservatives 10, and the other 35 per cent are undecided.

Trudeau, until an ugly trigger-finger, safely located and fired an olive-branch, will play down the importance of national unity. Joe Clark, rising sharply



from the first salvo, fought back by laying the most mileage (6,440) in a ministerial tour, picking up confidence as he flew. And an energetic Ed Broadbent, swelling blood in the possibility of controlling a minority government, attacked the unwise bombing Clark's energy proposals and urged Trudeau for Canada's current mediocre problems. It's going to be a lively war.

After almost 11 years in office, he knows his record has become something of a household drudge. A CTV poll last week reported that Trudeau's favorite themes—unity and energy—ranked third and fifth, behind inflation and unemployment, in the public's mind.

But as Trudeau moved out of Montreal, along the south shore of the St. Lawrence River to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, he decided, in effect, to play from his weaknesses. "We're going to go down the tubes," said a Trudeau informant in Ottawa. "It might not well be on something he believes in strongly."

Sliding alone, gaiting out at the snow-splashed landscape from his jet charter, Trudeau contemplated similar actions of his own political mortality.



surity and the need for short on the Right. "You can't keep a country strong," Trudeau intones, "by giving it a weak government."

Trouble was, as he moved out of Quebec into the Maritimes, the message didn't get across to the people outside the halls, where crowds of 500 to 1,500 were largely silent and, in Edmunds and Broadbent, enthusiastic. By the weekend, as Trudeau moved on to Winnipeg and British Columbia, he softened his aggressive tone more often, shifted his attack on Tory premiers and switched his attention to the economy. He defended his government's record as one of the best in the industrialized world and, in effect, ridiculed Joe Clark's Conservatives for what they might do. "The Seven Billion Dollar Man," he called Clark, for a series of economic promises.

The cause of the earlier communication problem was noted, essentially, in what could well emerge as Trudeau's prime campaign asset—the decision to sole without test before a solitary microphone. The aim was to project an image of a cool, collected, thinking leader. A staple of a dozen high-priced speech writers feeds Trudeau's need for such appearance. But after reviewing them on his plane and in his hotel room, Trudeau chose only selected extracts, adapting lines from several texts and improvising as he attempts to read the road of his crowd.

Perhaps it is almost 11 years in office, but the man seems to strain under the burden of settling his record straight. His power of retelling allows him to peer statistics over an audience, as the birds move in the harsh glare with a sculptor's grace that has often seen him run against himself—not just Clark. When he is on, the power of the effect is in the whale, and not the papa. His party's camera men, shooting for the approaching television commercials, almost seem to use more than 35,000 feet of film.

Trudeau also is rapidly distracted by demonstrations—indeed he seems to relish them. In Saint John, New Brunswick, where he had intended to deal with medicine, Trudeau devoted an unusually amount of time to two dozen protesters—and gleamed, univerisally, television coverage as a heat in Trudeau with his response.

By advertising its constructed open-and-answer sessions, Trudeau, like Joe Clark, also in early left town confrontations—as, for example, when he permitted a charge by a student in the agricultural community of Ste Anne that federal farm policy is geared to the west. Trudeau said light-heartedly that farmers are grandmothers (grandparents).

So far, at least, Trudeau's advisers



## Clark: turning the barbs around

**C**onservative leader Joe Clark spent an morning last week touring the far lands in Alberta. He asked some basic questions ("What's your national vision here?") He made a few general comments about his plans for development of the oil-sands lands, which turned out to be essentially the same as the government's (renewable private enterprise with tax breaks and use government vision only as a last resort). And he shook the hands of a dozen hooded workers ("He looks so dopey," commented a female employee). In sum, it was not a good morning for Clark in the first full week of the election campaign.

But it didn't really matter. What did

was that film of a purposeful-looking Clark touring the tar sands made the national television news that night. As

a result the expression of a concerned Opposition leader searching for solutions to Canada's energy problems probably prostrated the public mind. And that, for Clark and the Conservatives, was the whole point of last week's campaigning. Said a satisfied Bill Neville, Clark's chief of staff: "Generally speaking, we've done what we set out to do."

Clark's literary task is to differentiate provinces (see map) in a home-warming search for television footage. He covered each day with a tour of a major factory or plant and that provided good "copy." He had a press conference preceded by a statement from him on what had just seen. If the press insisted on asking questions about other subjects, they were usually cut off after a few minutes. Then Clark moved on to deliver a speech to the local Chamber of Commerce or some other receptive body. In the afternoon, he climbed back aboard his DC-9 jet and flew to another city where, in the evening, he attended a "workers' reception" bringing together a couple of hundred local Tories (in Halifax, the reception was held in a hall with no chairs and the party workers were instructed to press in close to create an illusion of a large, enthusiastic crowd for the cameras). The next day the schedule was repeated with only the place names changing. There were no

big rallies, which are considered risky ventures, and little hoopla.

Clark's schedule may change slightly in the coming week, but the tightly scripted and controlled nature of the campaign will not. Using a strategy that could have been borrowed from Trudeau's Maple Leaf's reach Roger Nelson, the PCs will try to minimize their mistakes rather than run everything with a desperate lunge for power. The strategy arises from a conviction that people are ready to kick out the Liberals as long as the Conservatives don't give them cause to complain, and also from a sense of political blunder. The Conservative leader is haunted by visions of their disastrous 1974 campaign and Clark's fiasco-day world tour in January. As a result they are an uptight group, from the leader on down. Their nervousness may have been aggravated last week by the pressure on Clark's side of Doug Hall, the Canadian Press photographer who took the classic picture of former Conservative leader Robert Stanfield dropping a football during the 1974 campaign.

Perhaps because he was nervous, Clark appeared stiff and unconvincing most of last week. His speeches contained some good rhetoric but were delivered without any pauses and failed to grab his audience. In his brief press conferences and in television interviews, when he was operating without

a script, he frequently got into trouble, especially as the questions of his proposed "stimulative deficit" and his plan to dismantle Petro-Canada.

But helped by the Gallup poll showing Conservatives and Liberals in a dead heat (a result that would translate into a Tory minority government) and by the release of the Lamont report on government management, which adopted many of his ideas\*, Clark seemed to gain confidence as the week wore on. He also knew he had weathered the withering barrage of "idiotic" jibes lobed upon him by the Liberals. Indeed he had earned some of those barbs around: saying that he stood accused of being a friend of Tory premier, Clark said so—it is at least he has friends. "Nobody said that sensation of Pierre Elliott Trudeau."

If Clark can sustain his no-mistakes, good-visits campaign all the way to May 25, he will probably become Canada's 10th prime minister. But it is a task that will grow increasingly difficult as the campaign wears on and the public starts demanding more of Clark than his image of a quick tour of the suns can provide. Ian Ungarhart

\*The Royal Commission on Financial Management and Accountability, which it later reported had found the PCs to be "one of the most efficient governments in recent federal history," concluded by Alton Lambeth, 40 former members of the Trudeau government found the one exception was the 1972-73 Lamont Report. The report, which recommended a period of "aggressive government," was fundamentally from a green-thinking and, in some sense, an idealistic viewpoint in the era of "sustainability." The report concluded that the government should "act now for greater social justice as a first step in advancing."

## Broadbent: all for the media beast

**P**oking at a pinklet, discussed long and watertight subjects, said gall-

atious the size of robin's eggs in the massive Regina General Hospital pathology museum (last week are just some of the little refrigerated SUD leader Ed Broadbent), has learned to live with the early stages of the campaign. He spent the week on a kick. Favorable comments by the press, well-planned organization and a good early reaction to an ad call for patriotic and moderate all pointed to a party that had the campaign trail running. The strategy was clearly to stir at the "wellies" more and fuck the "mucky" constituents

ional and national utility areas. Broadbent, in a western swing that included Vancouver, Edmonton, Regina and Winnipeg, was relaxed and aggressive, chipping the Libs with energetic visits at Joe Clark. Pounding more than a hundred for the president of Scott's) and at Trudeau for concluding the service "to all our proportions."

On the previous day, he rode the back and went east to Edm. There the party's game has been perfectly leisurely, with Broadbent's efficient five-person staff picking the peppy shots and attempting to "regionalize" the party's theme music

issue areas, price controls, Canadian development of resources, and Medicare. With the other two parties largely ignoring the issue, Broadbent's savvy crew, led by research director Mark Clark, is playing the media's visits with considerable skill, using well-spiced policy statements and an "issue day" approach. Policy statements will be provided by site to site, with carefully prepared television commercials in English and French and a \$1.5-million ad campaign (inside the 1974 expenditure) spearheaded by the Toronto agency, Lawrence Wolf Advertising Ltd.

## Campaign Notebook

\* The non-mediately agreed last week to a proposal from Canadian broadcasters to free live parliamentary debates. Three English TV networks (CBC, City and Global) supported a May 10 debate "improving the timeliness of the existing debate kind" with Trudeau, Clark and Broadbent. A second debate would be carried on Prime Minister's weekly 40 hours of the first one—a debate discussion by all four party leaders, including the *Scorpio's* Fabien Roy. The Liberals only accepted the proposal and were expected to confirm it this week. Clark also expressed concern about putting broadcast on an equal footing, preferring instead a head-to-head Clark-Tudeau debate.

\* The first regular "new" newsmagazine is this, run by the always-jealous Joe Clark—well known for his verbal tick. "Thank you very, very much"—bowed his head in Kenosha on Tuesday to the Rev. Gary Gacy. Hugs, too, but with new lyrics including a negative, "I hate killing." "Thank you very, very, very, very, very, very much," said Gacy. Clark's response? "Thank you very, very much."

\* The Trudeau strategy was in Fort Garry, Manitoba, where a Toronto paper quoted the Liberal party's Ontario campaign chairman, Senator Roy Fris, as noting that there, Toronto cabinet members would probably lose their seats. (Heads will roll out to Fris, which wasn't announced, and by mid-morning he was being referred to as "former minister Fris" by stockmen.) Trudeau's

\* Comes the morning of May 22, when more than 1000 federal Liberal candidates will be wondering what went wrong, they can look to Pat O'Brien for inspiration. So, reluctantly, went Senator O'Brien, defeated in the recent Alberta election that he built a winning machine in his seat called Redwater to 6, then had a packed locker—just to make sure he never targets new federal seats.

\* The first election book, a rather thorough quickie called *The Canadian Voter's Guide* (\$4.95 from McDonald's Books), appeared last week. It tells what's happening, as we know it, but general, Christians, McCall, Neway's long awaited study of the Liberal establishment is due in the fall from Macmillan. Others in the works include a car-gauge analysis by Dalton Camp and a Boys on the Bus-style book by B.C. minister Gisele Gerthoff, who was quoted by the Broadbent and Trudeau crews last week, chipping an amateur improvement in pricks, curse words and drinking habits. One earnest Ottawa joke exists: has Pierre Trudeau written a book of his own election

Specifying that they are among us, not people, the Broadbent crew took a hunk out Monday on a brilliant Vancouver morning with the leader, carefully noting, like a traffic cop, the flow of foreign vessels leaving Canadian ports (16).

At an ad-board press conference, he called for laws to ensure that 60 per cent of Canadian goods must be marketed as Canadian alone. In the end 1000 citizens of Edmonton heeded women's rights. In the tatty elegance of Ross's Hotel-Saskatchewan, Broadbent sat hard at the same table as an unexpected "gift" to the campaign, he pledged to fight "private-profit medicine" and promised a return to the fad 1966 federal-provincial shared-cost plan that allowed federal auditing of provincial health expenditures, which was abandoned by the Liberals in 1977.

Despite the fast start and planes afforded by the Election Expenses Act, the effective initial push will inevitably fade as the Liberal and Tory pageantry clear the carbon from their engines. The NDP has clear problems. Medicare is a fragile issue that could easily be shattered by a well-aimed Liberal campaign promise. The half-baked support of the Canadian Labor Congress has yet to materialize and, despite the cheerful contention that the NDP is aiming to form a government, there is a growing, though unspoken, recognition that Broadbent's careful policy statements will become stiffs to prop up a wobbly Liberal or Tory majority.

Broadbent's credibly admits the party image of big government in an age that gave birth to Proposition 12 is the most serious of his problems. Name sake to seek recognition, social documents such as Willy Brandt's that Pravda extrapolates such as "Theory Dogma," Broadbent's the real thing, one of the most radical speech-chased and dished out in blase and respectful-striped suits in order to win up Canadian electorate. Says he: "Frankly, I have won the cause battle with the proponents of big government."

Broadbent recognizes that his New campaign starts soon becoming leader in 1975 will be as electoral as this. The reason is the willfield of necessary control or, as one veteran observer put it, "power without responsibility." To achieve it, he has to put his unscrupulously timed non-censor-meter on hold, even if it means, as it did last week, that he must peer incomprehensibly through a microscope amid the increase of television cameras to make sure to the media beast.

Thomas Hopkins

O'Brien had the target new defendable



## Ottawa

### A game of truth and consequences

After nearly 21 hours of grueling testimony ringing over four days of public hearings, the struts was showing on the self-declared face of federal cabinet minister Warren Allard as he stepped down from the witness stand at the McDonald Commission last week. Under more than just routine grilling, the former attorney-general was standing true to his original status. His constant theme during this examination soon became as routine in the commission's everyday life as recess, that under no circumstances was the secret, or act outside the law. During a mid-day press serum punctuated by the sound of crickets, an enterprising Allard shot back: "How many times do I have to tell you? Do I have to write it on a blackboard? So, I didn't know of illegalities."

Such pretenses were not sufficient, however, in quash flagrant suspicions that if certain cabinet Ministers were not aware of secret wrongdoing, perhaps, perhaps, it had been because they had not been there to ask. For his part, Allard, the first in a series of cabinet ministers to testify before the commission in coming weeks, defended himself by stressing that when environmental questions were posed to the form, members of it sometimes deceived him, if they had not understood him. Citing example, he failed to mind an incident when he asked the name of Ross Atkinson, past president of the National Farmers' Union, was under surveillance. A reply came back to the contrary. It was only later, after he went to his own sources, that he got the full story from the papers that the RCMP were not keeping tabs on the western farmer the day the issue was raised, but had been only a month before. "I felt very much betrayed when I learned about many of these things," Allard told the three commissioners. "It appears now that I did not get full answers even when I did ask specifically."

The most serious of such incidents concerns the 1970s RCMP secret operation code-named *Catfish*, involving the flagrant abuse of minority and in certain criminal and security matters. "I can recall very clearly putting this question to the minister: 'Do you open mail?' And they said 'No,'" asserted Allard. Instead, he continues with some irony the police asking him that the law be changed and the practice made legal. Allard's testimony at



David McDonald (left) and a man, Do I have to write it on a blackboard?

connection, his four-year term as attorney-general was an extremely busy one, serving big from one serious political issue to the next, and through a series of chose concern—like the RCMP Commission in 1973 and whether paid cars should have illegal identification tags—seems tried. Not to mention, however, is the dangerous effect of this current investigation of the year on the political fortunes of Allard, and other Liberals, in the upcoming federal election. As Jean-Pierre Goyer pointed out earlier last week, just before being denied a request to postpone the start of his testimony until after the election, "It will be very difficult for Mr. Goyer to give evidence when he anticipates it could be put to use by political leaders." *Julian Labreche*

## Victoria

### Like father, like son

Perhaps the ghost of Wacky Bennett was pulling the strings. The choice, and B.C. Premier Bill Bennett, announced a May 18 provincial election, is a referendum party or government take-over by the NDP "in the name of national socialism." It would have three goals: the premier's late father, who for 20 years fought and won elections using the spectre of free enterprise versus godless socialism. The election will follow by a day a \$4.05-billion, good-packed but balanced budget that lowered sales taxes is four per cent, in-

are the issues, and says he would let the share give way if needed.

On the electoral fringes are surviving provincial Conservatives and Liberals. Each got one battered seat in the last election (1985). The Liberals are near death, but Conservative leader Vic Strohman is considered the spokesman who could bleed off enough Social Credit votes to throw victory to the NDP.

Lost in the election call is the potential leadership of Auditor-General Ernie Morrissey's first report to the legislature, saying provincial auditing and accounting methods are a mess. The primary question is whether Bennett can make the share givebacks and Ottawa, resource-stealing the issues. The tactic won't buy more than knowing smirks into the scotch at the Vancouver Club. But in the judgmental hollows and arachnoid country of B.C.'s hinterland, there are many who will sack their teeth and nod approvingly. Hall Lunn

**Ernest (left), Bennett looking smirks in the Vancouver Club**

but was vindictive when the case was thrown out after a four-day preliminary hearing in December. By last week it was Liberal opposition leader Bill Ross's turn to feel the heat when he contradicted himself during hearings of a royal commission inquiring into a media leak of confidential police reports on the controversial fire. In fact, the first two days of testimony were so inflammable they could even precipitate a provincial election and the commissioner, district court Judge P. Lloyd Soper, was considering holding this week's hearings in camera.

Even the suggestion of survey underlined the concern of media observers that the final result of the inquiry might be the introduction of some form of press gag law covering government documents. Justice Minister Alex Hickman conceded in advance that the commission will also be asked "to advise whether legislation, either by statute or by regulation, should be enacted for the purpose of prescribing penalties for failure to maintain confidentiality of documents which are classified as confidential by the Crown."

At the second day of the hearings, opposition leader Howe addressed the distributed copies of the police file report to a media representation in St. John's. That was his last official act at the time of the leak. His testimony also started with that of Detective Sergeant Arthur Pike, a member of the Newfoundland Constabulary who was dismissed for his part in the leak. While Pike maintained he met with Ross to discuss the case and handed over the report when Ross asked for it, Ross swore he didn't know where the documents came from, that "they appeared in my mailbox in a brown envelope."

Their leader's seeming confusion about just what he did or didn't do caused such an uproar in the Liberal caucus that his unhappy followers voted 13-6 against his continuing in the post and, after the party executive objected, more caucus members were called over the weekend. Concern spread to the government benches and there were reliable reports that if Howe continued as opposition leader, Conservative Premier Brian Peckford would dissolve the house and call an immediate election. The seeming confusion is proving a great embarrassment to members of the Liberal caucus, and several are wondering among themselves about Ross's future.

Howe's own involvement in the inquiry, Ross has spoken out against any conceivable "gag law." "There's no need for it. We've got libel and slander laws. The British experience on this has been bad but The American experience has been somewhat better." Howe cites the difficulties of the Pentagon Papers and

of fish-catch quotas, a controversial issue in the Maritimes.

Five weeks later, March 8, RCMP officers raided Dalhousie University's computer centre and seized computer tapes belonging to Marine Resources Analysts Ltd., the partners' firm. The next evening the RCMP raided the two's Dartmouth office and took four boxes of files, computer programs, prospective client lists and current project work.



**Ross: But he didn't know he did**

the whole Watergate affair as examples of what a relatively unscrupulous press can accomplish. Minister of Justice Hickman insists any such legislation would be aimed specifically at preventing "premature" publication of details involving court proceedings or police investigations—and that he would also welcome freedom-of-information legislation. However, opposition leader Steve Neary remains suspicious. "In the United States they've got laws to protect informants. Here they're talking about passing legislation to prosecute them."

Robert Plaskin

## Nova Scotia

### The mysterious cod tapes caper

I seemed a logical move earlier this year—although an unpopular one—with the federal department of fisheries and oceans—where marine economist Patrick Lett and two colleagues set up a consulting firm in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, to do business with the Atlantic fisheries industry. All three, including Robert Macrae, a fisheries technician, and William Marshall, a computer systems analyst, believed they were stagnating and were fed up with the "bureaucratized hassles" of their federal fishboard jobs. They left with an initial \$10,000 and took with them a unique expertise in the development

of business came to a standstill. The Macraes also raided and seized records from a client, the Nova Scotia Fish Packers Association.

Seeking the return of their property, the partners got a mixed ruling from Nova Scotia. Chief Justice Gordon Cowan who had long ago denied the warrant issued by the RCMP to raid the university computer centre was illegal, but allowed the Macraes to keep the seized tapes for 90 days until early June—or, Lett and Co. feel, a safe time after the May 25 federal election.

The Macraes told Lett that they were looking for missing information from the fisheries department, but Lett ruled this was in fact. He does admit that the company had had its possessives copied computer-stored information, but all of it was public and could be found through other sources.

Macrae's Macrae has learned that the federal government is still looking along the British Columbia coast for a fish hatchery to develop the salmon industry. The fisheries department at the quote of \$100,000 a year when, according to Macrae's sources, it should have been 200,000 (the actual result was 220,000 in 1985) is refusing to pay for the idea.



Lett and his colleagues (Lett had been with the federal department five years, Marshall two and Macrae 14) led a group of scientists that established the specific quota for new quotas for the North Atlantic fishery after the boundary had been extended to 200 miles. Lett says Macrae and Deputy Minister Don Tasley have tried to block formation of the company because of its expertise in establishing fish quotas. In fact, before they left the department, Tasley told the partners that he thought they were in conflict of interest, even though private and government lawyers said they weren't. A department spokesman told Macrae's he wouldn't even bother to see Lett or Tasley for a comment on the issue because he knew what the answer would be—"no comment."

Nova Scotia Progressive Conservative MP Elmer MacKay says he is looking into the affair. "I think this whole matter has political overtones," he says. "Their expert opinion on fish quotas could contradict government information. I think this is what it's all about. But, certainly, something fishy is going on." **Warren Gwend**

## Newfoundland

### A new face in the frying pan

James that influenced an agreement in St. John's post-Elizabeth II. Tewers a year ago this month were quickly extricated by city forces, but the political coils they produced are still smoldering. They first threatened to stage the secession of St. John's. Tom Farrell, then Conservative minister of industrial development and tenant of the apartment, Farrell was subsequently charged with setting the fire himself

# A business prince waiting to be king

By Angela Ferrante

It's the sixth week on the road, the fourth country, and the fourth stop in Canada. This time the city is Toronto, the airport, Malta. The converted map-18 arrives exactly on time as usual. The press is waiting behind the proper barriers. The distinguished welcoming party is holding hats in a blustering wind. The red carpet keeps snapping up and red-suited Monarchs are dispatched to hold it down. Unperturbed, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Duke of Cornwall and Rothiem, Earl of Chester and Carrick, Lord of the Isles and Great Steward of Scotland, walks merrily and quickly down the ramp. He is wearing the appropriate military uniform—this time, the green, gold braided one of the Canadian Armed Forces. In the plane he has brought with him about 50 pieces of luggage, 50 choices of clothing, including a parks for the Arctic and a complete set of mourning clothes. He's decked up by a ubiquitous staff of nine including his private secretary, a press secretary, equerry, valet, detective, baggage man.

HRH with Jane Ward, an incurable romantic under pressure to marry well

ter and (while in Canada) an Armed Forces doctor.

Once on the ground, HRH, as the staffers call him, gets quickly down to business. First, a quick run through the expected welcoming party, then a smart review of the nervous volunteer regiment, the royal salute and another review of departure. With great interest he meets the mayor of Mississauga. "Ah, Mississauga?" With concerned eyes he asks Metre Toronto Chairman Paul Godfrey if the city has a housing shortage. The answer, whatever it is, must be brief because soon he is alone. Major John Sewell why he isn't wearing a mayor's chain of office. Captain Sewell, the airport is in Mississauga. Ah, Mississauga. It all takes a standard 15 minutes, and soon the Prince is whisked off, one more welcoming ceremony dispatched on time and in style. Barber Godfrey: "We all found you very charming."

When Prince Charles slipped smoothly in and out of Canada last week, his wait, bailed men-people and coring at the tail-end of a globe-trotting tour of Australia, Hong Kong and Singapore, had all the markings of a well-worn business trip. Whether he was inspecting gaggles of nervous military volunteers in Winnipeg and Toronto, showing exaggerated interest in winter combat gear ("You're not equipped in the test!"), or giving the royal nod to the new Governor-General at a glittering dinner in Ottawa, Charles was the perfect young executive. A trim four-foot-111-inch 30-year-old, with a possible 30 years to go before he succeeds his mother to the throne, he is easily stepping into a new phase in his long career of King-in-Waiting. Once the student prince, the dashing bearded naval officer, almost gone, except for stray lenses from cartooning ladies, is the eligible bachelor-prince who the pressure to marry now, and the shadow of marriage. Ever concerned that he will be taken seriously, he becomes Charles the professional, at times the royal ambassador for the United Kingdom, more and more a full-blended partner in the "Family Firm" that is the

HRH referred to the Hotel Fort Garry in Gaterbury. Some Wednesday night Prince Charles' great the same hotel in 20 hours later

premier monarchy in the world. "In these times the monarchy is called into question," he has said. "It is not to be taken for granted. One has to be far more professional than one used to be."

Certainly Charles has proven that he can be a good salesman. Last year, during a South American tour, he landed a \$30-million export deal for British industry and the Japanese were so entranced by him that they took up his suggestion to build a Sony plant in Wales. He is not about to take a \$16,000-a-year job at a high-class UK industry rep abroad as one Fleet Street tabloid recently suggested last year much to his chagrin. That amounts too much of "trade." But he is adamant that he will not be a paper-mâché prince and has embarked on a much publicized program to learn all he can about Britain's industry, labor and agriculture. Although he "patronizes" about 170 organizations (a relatively small number compared to the Queen's 600), he has narrowed down his main interests to about half a dozen, including programs for disadvantaged youths, protection of Welsh environment, and, his favorite, the United World Colleges, these private, international schools set up to further world peace and understanding. In Victoria, where he visited the Lester B.

Princess College of the Pacific, he managed to impart a sense of personal, private interest as he submerged himself for two days in the school's activities. "The thing I feel the most discerning about him," says someone who works with him daily, "is that he faces every administrative decision with the question 'How can I be useful and what good does it do?'"

Figuring out how Charles can be useful now that he has settled in for the long haul has posed Buckingham Palace with a public relations conundrum. On the one hand, Charles wants to "get things done" and the Queen has made him proxy to the "red boxes," the leather cases that contain matters of the British state (something Queen Victoria never allowed her heir). On the other hand, he must maintain that "mystical gap," that semi-blissful image the Queen has perfected. The great nervousness on royal circles about the lengthy apprenticeship is caused by the example set by two previous Princes of Wales, one of whom ended up a gambling, drinking womanizer before he became Edward VII at 59 years of age, and the other who treated matters of state casually, had numerous affairs and eventually abdicated for the woman he loved. As Charles himself has admitted

too, a bit of an awkward problem there is no set-out role for me. It depends entirely what I make of it." Nor is the palace charmed by the numerous public suggestions from British journalists who have made a career of digging royal rotgut about what the Prince should do. Says Jason Whittaker of the *Star* in London who has written a biography on the Prince: "He's a totally tragic figure. He needs a job and a woman and he has neither. He could be an old-age pensioner before he succeeds to the title."

But if Charles has had a mid-life crisis partially fabricated and sold far better by the press, the spotlight is something he's used to. Since birth, his every move has been duly recorded. His jittering of nervous tics, the way he bites his lips, rubs his knuckles, twists the gold ring on his little finger, above his usually crumpled hands into his pockets to keep them still. His every like and dislike is chronicled. He doesn't like people, people who remind him of his bedding crew, and, of all things, sunburn. Thus according to someone who has traveled with him widely, it's why his \$500 suits sit at the knees. He loves scribbled rings and inked stationery, white wine, dry martinis and (the wife said) and love can't escape from it) the music of Berlin which actually reduces him to tears. His girl-friends do call

him "Sir" and he does write his own speeches. His bachelors at Buckingham Palace, part of his third-floor suite overlooking St. James's Park, is plastered with cartoons which lampoon him.

Charles, who is not overly fond of the media, has nonetheless learned how to exploit his value as a news commodity. Recently in Hong Kong while visiting a simple survival school, he tried earned snake, understanding the moment with "Boy, the things I do for England."

He was not always so innocent. When he was only four and parading down London's Strand Hill, it was his sister, Princess Anne, who saved grace at the crowds while Charles shuffled back. When he was named Prince of Wales at the age of nine, Charles remembers being "extremely embarrassed" by the clatter from the crowd in Cardiff. When his parents decided to get him out of the tattered drawing-room atmosphere and into the public-school system along with the sons of the upper class, an educational program shared with the help of private tutors—Charles found it difficult to forge a new tradition. Friends have said and that in his first year at Gordonstoun, his father's old school in Scotland, reserved for its old

Charles inspecting incops during Toronto visit and (below) with Australian soft-henry, the perfect young executive



Charles soft-henry

showers and rough regimes, Charles was as miserable as he could be.

But the public attention has exacted its price, and may have been partly responsible for making him, in his own words, "slightly late in developing." Giving an answer to the inevitable question "does he or doesn't he?" because a debate is under way in the Palace. You see, the Palace confirmed, but dropping with discretion, officials said, "we're holding a referendum with 27-year-old Lady Diana Wallerley, the daughter of the eighth Duke of Wellington, who was a honoree at this tea-service.

By the accounts of his ever-cynical friends, the person shaped by the grinding severity is kind, loves babies, especially his sister, and has retained a keen sense of humor. "I would probably have been committed to an institution long ago were it not for my ability to see the funny side of life," he once said. He is reportedly the one who gave Princess Diana's husband the nickname of "Pork" because he is "thick and wet." Arthur Edwards, a photographer for the British tabloid, *The Sun*, remembers a visit Charles paid to a Shropshire hospital. Encountering a patient in a wheelchair, Charles asked, "Lost a leg have you?" The old man replied, "No sir, I lost three both." To which Charles replied, "Well then you don't have a leg to stand on, have you?" After a stunned silence, says Edwards, the patient just "broke up." Recently in Australia, during a three-day outback sojourn, Charles startled reporters when he complained of the flies. "They go up through your nose and out your mouth. If they had built on there they would taste better." And later when he was drinking tea from a baking billy, someone wished him "cheers." To which the Prince replied, "No you don't say 'cheers.' You say 'Chris' the flies."

But despite the ready verbal generosity, Charles is essentially a conservative ("I'm happy to be thought square"), a traditionalist who believes in the value of ritual and a stickler for protocol. Once, when asked to give the Royal Toast after the soup so that smokers could get on with smoking, Charles, an aggressive non-smoker, refused flatly saying, "We'll have the Royal Toast after the sweetie, not the right time." Mindful that he should get the respect due him, he dresses out anyone who calls him Charles to his face. He was Prince Charles even as a boy to his teachers and only the occasional sporting buddy gets away with "Wales."



The prince at eight, with mother since birth, every move has been recorded

While he puts up with bikini-clad girls rushing up to the surf to plant kisses on his cheek (he has said he would rather be kissed than slapped), he can stalked out angrily from a fund-raising dinner in a mother English town when a local dignitary insisted that he dance with his daughter. Nor does he like anyone to make a profit by exploiting his pastime and it is quickly let it be known last week, via his press secretary, John Death, that he was snuffed if a London photographer who had set up his golden friend to kiss him in Victoria.

The note is project prince, almost as obsessed with the royal family, has meant that Charles lives largely within the protective circle of his staff. Anthony Holden, formerly a columnist with *The Sunday Times* and now chief U.S. correspondent for *The Observer*, spent the last year preparing a biography of the Prince. After travelling extensively with him, he found that the protective cocoon was self-defeating. "I think he loves them where they would least expect." And later when he was drinking tea from a baking billy, someone wished him "cheers." To which the Prince replied, "No you don't say 'cheers.' You say 'Chris' the flies."

But despite the strictures of his life, which Charles says "compared to other people's lives, is more lonely," Holden found the Prince happy in his role. "For a while I just felt sorry for him, especially as his former trips he had such a heavy schedule that is mostly touring, talking to tedious locals and there is absolutely no escape from it. But there are a lot of perks and there is the whole 'ago trip' of it, which is clearly exciting." The perks, in fact, are impressive. From the Duke of Cornwall alone, about 10 million pounds a year, half of which he returns to the state. He owns his own car, and for that of his five cars, a 3,000-acre estate in Kent, called Chequers House, which he is

now in the process of renovating extensively. In England he sits around in an Aston-Martin and can afford to play the expensive game of polo well. But unlike the Queen, royal routine can make him visibly irritable at times. While following the Prince around as a fan in Brazil last year, Holden, casually dressed in his jacket and a T-shirt, was mistaken for an dealer and his passport was seized by a security agent. The Prince, who noticed the confusion, turned to the dignitary escorting him and said, "Believe it or not, that is a British journalist." When Holden's annoyance got back to the Prince, he quickly apologized the next day, explaining, "I was hot and I was tired."

Perhaps the most paradoxical Charles has to contend with is that while he battles with the powers of the world, he is completely guided by his symbolic role. When he criticised divisions amongst Christians as "factional matters," significantly after his cousin Prince Michael of Kent was refused permission to marry in a Catholic church, as English archbishops represented him for opposing a "weedy type of Christianity." He was similarly put in his place after telling a group of top-level industrialists that "bureaucracy is not impossible to deal with."

Almost as a reaction to the limits of his symbolic role, the Prince seems to revel in dandified exploits which his staff is ever pleased to encourage. He can pilot a jet fighter or helicopter (and often flies himself to engagements), has skippered a navy minesweeper through the North Atlantic. He is a good skier, amateur cyclist and scuba diver. He has, in fact, scuba-dived under the Canadian arctic ice and to his mother's great worry, learned the art of paragliding.

But ultimately the Prince takes his cue from the Queen. "Duty" is the operative word. Even marriage is not the chance of a truce—she can check the continual speedometer, titillate through the window, the "will-will-will" spell over other girls of a likeless class. A self-styled "unravelled romantic," he will nonetheless marry a girl who can be Queen, not some nouveau riche who ignores tradition. And the fan-loving Prince will then dedicate himself to imperial fidelity, according to his wife's words before. But he isn't suffering. Asked in Singapore what it felt like being Crown Prince, he replied, "I don't know. I've never been anything else." And on another occasion he assured everyone, "I do enjoy myself. It's important to remember it's a job. Who could have a better job?"

## People

**H**is play banjo the way Henry Youngman plays violin," says Jerry Van Dyke, 45, the younger and shorter brother of Steve Van Dyke. Jerry means that after a lifetime's devotion to the instrument, "playing it badly is my guilty pleasure." He put it to a sound test recently when he died, during a *Tea*-time taping of an upcoming jazz series with bandleader *Money Baggs*, a Thousand Oaks man, who usually strums down the pants stage of New Orleans' Preservation Hall. Most fondly remembered for his singing role in the 1960s TV series *My Mother the Car*, Steve Van Dyke has recently made his television comeback in *12 Queen Blvd.*, a suburban situation comedy in which he plays the part of a sexy salesman. "I love it," says Van Dyke, with all the enthusiasm of a Fuller Brush man. "The character is me all the way."

**W**ith estimates of more than \$600 million stashed in American bank accounts, it's not the high price of housing that's keeping the *Shah of Iran* from settling down. The problem is, nobody wants him for a neighbor. Having worn out his welcome in Morocco (where he has been living since Jan. 22), the Shah was last seen cavorting in the Bahamian surf, or as seen on an extra in a *Gidget* movie. However, sources close to the deposed monarch admit he's "depressed, sulky and deeply saddened" at the prospect of being unable to move to the U.S. where he holds \$13 million worth of real estate in New

*Bank and Express* one room with a view

York and Los Angeles. Since the U.S. is cautiously nurturing its fractious oil concessions, White House officials are privately working to find the Shah a house as far afield as New Zealand. Of course, he could always stay with relatives. Apart from the \$15-million heated estate the Shah's sister is building in L.A., she occupies a mansion in Mexico. Roemer has it there at least one great room with a view.

**B**ob Brown is the first to admit that moviemaking "is one way when you can get it," but at 50 now plays basso with a private life. After auditioning for *equation* roles, the 33-year-old Canadian National Theatre School grad recently landed her first major part in *Altered States*, a movie where science fiction meets psychiatry, adapted by screenwriter *Paddy Chayefsky* (Network) and directed by *Ken Russell* (*The Devils*). Although she was naturally nervous about the breakthrough, slightly less ectotic was she about the film disrupting her marriage plans to the bankable heartthrob *Markie Poston* (*Anderson, 1000 Bullywangs*). After two years of living together, of not knowing whether or not to get married, we finally decided to do it," says Brown. "Now this film in New York shooting. He's in England. We may have to exchange vows by long distance."

**D**ubbed the "guru of adolescent government" by his Republican critics, California Democratic Governor Jerry Brown demonstrated a positively pre-



grace of political reputation last week, during an all-day trip to New Hampshire. At the behest of Republican leaders, Brown agreed to come to the Concord State House and testify on his state's omnibus—a balanced federal budget. Needless to say, the Democrats were not amused and showed it by walking out of the House as Brown had reached the front door. When faced with speaking to a Republican audience, Brown remained calm and few heard a single word's out of place to leave the state. Late last month, while Brown was in Washington, the California Republicans, led by Republican Lieutenant Governor *Mike Curb*, were up to their own tricks. Assuming power when his boss was out of town, Curb exercised his authority and nominated a Republican federal judge to a post Brown would have filled with a Democrat. Having none of it, Brown nominated his own candidate for the position.

Edited by Jane O'Hara

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U.S.A.

## Calling the tune: the pipers must be paid

By William Lowther

**A**s thousands of nuclear refugees fled to their horses around the Three Mile Island reactor last week, President Jimmy Carter was in television to assure us that the energy crisis has replaced inflation as the Public Enemy No. 1. Sooner or later, he said, we would be forced to turn to nuclear power again. Carter's speech. And it wasn't just Americans who were worried (see box). As Carter was speaking, skilful saboteurs were pressuring a successful attempt to blow up reactor components the following day at a factory in France, where the government has decided to press ahead with its nuclear power program despite Hamburg. The bombers, a previously unknown group of extremists, kidnapped the newspaper *Le Monde* to say "We will do what is necessary to safeguard the human race."

Desperately, he was vague about the future of nuclear power, saying only that he was establishing a commission to investigate the causes of the Three Mile Island accident. It was the effects, however, that were frightening. Pennsylvania has a few hours before the president spoke, Jim and his wife and three children returned in the van to their home in Yostown, near the reactor. For four days they had driven around to their Wimberley to keep away from radiation, but the kids were getting cranky and Jim had to work. "It hit me when I drove up to the

house," he said later. "I mean, yeah, it looked okay, you know? But what had they done to the van?"

It was that sort of question (to which there were no satisfactory answers) that prompted the bombers—most of them, at least, from Arab terrorist groups—to turn to Arab terrorist groups. Carter's speech. And it wasn't just Americans who were worried (see box). As Carter was speaking, skilful saboteurs were pressuring a successful attempt to blow up reactor components the following day at a factory in France, where the government has decided to press ahead with its nuclear power program despite Hamburg. The bombers, a previously unknown group of extremists, kidnapped the newspaper *Le Monde* to say "We will do what is necessary to safeguard the human race."

Both the bombings, that Carter's rather patrolling review— "You deserve a full accounting and you will get it"—was not the confidence-holder he doubtless hoped it would be. Indeed, as plant engineers pumped toxic gases from a storage tank back into the Three Mile Island reactor containment

building, eliminating the radioactive emanations, the mill will be quite sure what had happened—or why.

Even more disturbing, the effect of days of exposure to low-level radiation on the hundreds of thousands of people living near the plant was also unknown. Health care units will keep a close check over the next three or four decades for an expected increase in human cancers. Some hint of what is to come, however, may show up in hearings, which Senator Edward Kennedy will open soon, into claims that thousands of people in Utah and Nevada were subjected to dangerous radioactive fallout during nuclear weapons tests in the early 1950s. Statistics show abnormally high percentages of leukemia and other cancers over the last few years.

Nevertheless, administration officials indicated last week that Carter was still committed to a major role for nuclear power. It was just too politically hazardous for him to advance the idea alongside his other proposals.

Cheer amongst them was a gradual devolution of home-produced crude, which the White House claimed would raise gas and heating oil prices by a mere four to five cents a gallon over the next two years. What with 6000 more, however, outside experts were predicting a dollar a gallon gas by the end of this year.

That would be unpopular for a start. But Carter's other proposal—a windfall tax to curb oil industry profits which

his proposals could help to boast by \$9.2 billion in two years' time—also seemed likely to get into hot trouble, this time with Congress, which has killed four similar attempts.

Carter also made some attempt to control oil consumption directly. If Carter's proposal, that oil in non-residential buildings will be pegged to 18°C in winter and 27°C in summer. The White House is to encourage public employees to use public transport by phasing out free parking, while drivers were asked to cut their travel by 15 miles a week.

If by some miracle the windfall tax were to pass, the money would go into equally small-scale projects—not-buying 1000 headstones to low-income families to pay higher fuel costs and higher transit schedules. Some of it might also go to developing solar energy. But that was all Carter had about non-nuisance sources of energy, and in view of the anxiety about nuclear radiation his lack of vision could still prove to be the most costly threat of all to his second-term ambitions.

Noting that expensive energy is the single most important issue in New Hampshire, where the first Democratic primary takes place next year, Senator Kennedy, a possible rival, said that Carter would be best by his latest proposals. Significantly, perhaps, he did not estimate the effect of Three Mile Island on the voters of Pennsylvania.

Environmentalists, meanwhile, were in Melville: what have they done to the rain?



## Taking the steam out of CANDU

**S**oothing assurances by the Canadian government that its CANDU program is safe from American safety concerns and, perhaps, less expensive last week. Orders were revisited in CANDU components delivered by Babcock and Wilcox Canada, Limited, whose U.S. parent built the 4-turbined Three Mile Island reactor. Babcock and Wilcox steam generators were discovered by Ontario Hydro as it was installing 40 of the \$1-million boilers at its Pickering nuclear site near Toronto. Hydro officials found similar defects in the new boilers at its almost-finished Gentilly 2 plant near Three Rivers. Now they are worried that the faults will be passed on to CANDU construction at Port Lepreau's New Brunswick.

The steam generators assembled by Babcock and Wilcox in its Cambridge, Ontario, plant consist of tall cylinders through which pass thousands of loops of tubing meant to contain heavy water at high temperature and pressure. Critics discovered in the tubing an Ontario Hydro spokesman said, "are expected to leak to permeation."

The spokesman maintained there are adequate detection devices but a review of recent experience is responsible to genuine new fears such devices really are. The perforations would lead to the escape of radioactive gases and water—and no one yet knows what to do about them.

Even in normal operation, CANDU units leak slowly, so radioactive products through what Atomic Energy Control Board spokesman Hugh Spence, unlikely describes as "the normal leaks you get in a plumbing system."

In all, Canada has 11 operating reactors with 10,000 megawatts of electricity. All but these are at Ontario. Canada also owns one of the world's most conspicuous nuclear sites in the Gentilly 2 reactor owned by the federal government's Atomic Energy of Canada Limited (AEC), which has managed to make it work only 107 days since 1971. Says a company board official: "Gentilly is a sort of a trainwreck." Another Ontario design flaw, shared with the Gentilly 1 and Ontario's Douglas Point reactors on Lake Huron. Because of unreliable emergency core cooling systems, the reactors are not permitted to operate at full power—a precaution that does not reduce chances of an accident but which would it is said limit the consequences.

By one of those increasingly common stories in nuclear safety, these imperfections in the CANDU control to light the reactors have been being tried to solve that nuclear power problem in Canada. The nearly 20 billion Canadian bid would allegedly give the country's dictatorial nuclear independence. The offer includes a plant to manufacture heavy water (piped to cool



reactors), research facilities and even a

program to develop Argentina's considerable uranium reserves. The offer was upgraded last week to match an equivalent West German package if accepted it would virtually guarantee a deal for three further reactors and would go a long way toward offing the problem of risks, a sensitive, costly excursion into Argentina when negotiations of the loan interest rate put a ceiling for a power plant at Canda, due to open in 1982, \$100 million into the red. The Canadian plan is also expected of having defective boilers.

But this deal is not signed yet. Accompanying financial bids from the competing countries—British Italy and Sweden and also in the running—are not due to be opened in Illinois Area until April 19. There is also the matter of safeguards. Even if Argentina's gamblers accept the Canadian bid, when they announce their decision on June 1, the deal will not go ahead unless the Canadian cabinet can be satisfied that these material is not going to be misused to make nuclear weapons.

AGC, which is understandably anxious to clinch the deal, has been telling anyone with influence back home that it expects Argentina will sign the nuclear nonproliferation treaty and if it does it would meet all Canadian safety requirements. But Argentine Atomic Energy Minister, President of Argentina's Atomic Energy Commission, said last week that his country could not accept confinement of reactors and was even considering rejoining the International Atomic Energy Agency because of restrictions it imposes on nuclear technology assistance to non-nuclear states.

A further point not usually addressed by AGC, however, is that even if Argentina were to go up north to a high level of data (i.e. when the technology is wanted, what is placed) it could do so with imports. British steel reserves of 250,000 tons of uranium would fit well beyond the reach of any sanctions Canada could impose.

David Thomas/David Kendall

## The hangman now faces the crowd

Last week's hanging of Zulfikar Ali Bhutto was meant to settle matters, the signs were that it would not. The former Pakistani prime minister's execution set off widespread demonstrations, in one, 1,000 women in Islamabad defied the country's martial law regime to protest his execution against the military rule of General Zia-ul-Haq. And despite the authorities' attempts to get rough with protesters, all signs pointed to an increase in violence in the run-up to free elections promised for November—a reversal of the tempo of public despair which brought down Bhutto after the 1977 polling he was widely thought to have rigged.

There were signs in Pakistan that considered Bhutto to have been a cruel, arrogant dandy who surrounded himself with sycophants and thugs and deserved all to get. Yet from his final speech may have brought satisfaction of a sort. But for anyone else the catalogue of humiliations listed out by the military authorities in Bhutto in his death cell made him a pitiful figure.

In the months leading up to his execution he was made to sleep on the concrete floor of his cell in Rawalpindi jail, which is infested by ants. He was not allowed to use the toilet, instead guards gave him a chamber pot which was rarely emptied, so visitors came away nauseated by the stench. Bhutto had an acute gout disease. But his keepers confiscated his medicine, his joints turned black, he began coughing up

blood and was hardly able to eat. Hours before the execution, when Bhutto was permitted a final meeting with his second wife, Begum Noorul Bhutto, and his daughter Benazir, 20—both of whom were under house arrest—the authorities would not open the cell door. Bhutto's wife and daughter held his hands and kissed him farewell through the bars, after their application to attend the funeral was turned down, and the warden was powerless to get Bhutto's body—an important factor in Islamic law.

The hanging was as tortuous as his incarceration was humiliating. Executions in Pakistan—and there have been about 400 since the overthrow of Bhutto in 1977—are usually carried out at dawn. But the black warrant issued on Bhutto, setting the date for his punishment for allegedly conspiring to murder a political opponent in 1974, had down 7 a.m. Wednesday as the time. Armed troops moved in at midnight, surrounding the jail and arresting journalists they fear watching the activity. (Later, foreign correspondents were hampered by airline officials who refused to check in their plots of the riots or to sell them plane tickets to other cities hit by riots.)

Before being led off to the scaffold, Bhutto was allowed to write a will (later destroyed) and was given a bath and some verses from the Koran to read. Then he was led away, as fellow prisoners chanted from the holy book: "I am innocent." "Oh Lord help me, for I am innocent."

Pre-Bhutto sensationalists in Karachi it rules above the powers of the state.



## The last mile: a writer's notes

PETER LOWE, Maclean's Brussels correspondent, was probably the last reporter to talk with Ali Bhutto. The interview, published in Maclean's on Oct. 5, 1977, took place at Lahore three days before Bhutto was sent on his last, final, and most publicized journey, the 100-kilometre drive to Rawalpindi, where he was eventually hanged. Last week, Lowe recollects:

**T**hough Bhutto was a handsome and compelling figure, his well-scrubbed complexion had never looked so gaunt, tallowy, his RM whiskers pale grey. His eyes were weary and he kept fidgeting in his armchair nervously to his lips—an odd habit he had been through the night. His accent was suspiciously thick for someone who had been through Britain's best schools and I was struck by his need to accreditise his words with cheapo movements of his hands.

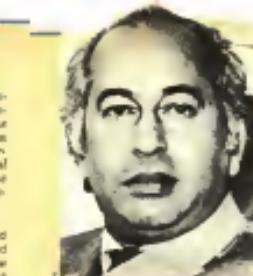
It is令人惊讶 to realize that Bhutto might have dodged the hangman on at least three occasions. The first came during a period of tension between the coup which brought General Zia to power and Bhutto a arrest. The second occurred during the days I met him while the third would in all likelihood have been offered had he appealed publicly for clemency.

That he failed to slip away was due partly to his belief that he could somehow turn the tables and partly to a tame initial cushion of the methodical Zia's determination to be rid of him.

That he refused to play for his life was due to pride. In his arrogant, polished and energetic way Bhutto can be compared to Pierre Trudeau and François Mitterrand.

News of the hanging started many Pakistanis. Newspapers in government offices were kept open and one elderly woman was overheard to say: "This is the most disgraceful day in Pakistan's history." World leaders, many of whom, like Canada's Pierre Trudeau, had repeatedly called for clemency, were quick to condemn the act. One of the few dissenters was Hafeez Khan, president of the Canadian Federation of Pakistani Associations. The former prime minister's death, he said, would set an example to politicians—"if they misuse the powers of state, they should be prepared for the consequences."

Set those words but a double-edged ring. As Bhutto's pale wooden coffin was lowered into the walled cemetery of the remote provincial hamlet where he had been born 70 years earlier, it seemed to many they might apply equally to his executioner—General Zia-ul-Haq.



Bhutto he could have dodged the noose

end of taking. Physically the three even shared a number of characteristics: high forehead, keep-up stance and tray-adorned, alert eyes. I would say that Bhutto had the most class. Trudeau the sheepish wit and Oscar the best brain. But math had enough of the other two qualities to make him stand out easily among contemporaries.

It was my restaurant, as a young reporter in British Columbia in the mid-1960s to see a man hanged for murder. Although I have since come across more terrible sights while covering wars and crises, on tour comments the execution has stuck in my mind as an abomination.

Ali Bhutto's death on the gallows came harder to me than if he had day been murdered in his cell. He was no doubt guilty of many crimes (but probably not the one for which he was punished) and he deserved to be stripped of power. But when you know how the others work you cannot with such a tone upon anybody he gifted, despite or because murderer.

## Uganda

### The final hours seem the longest

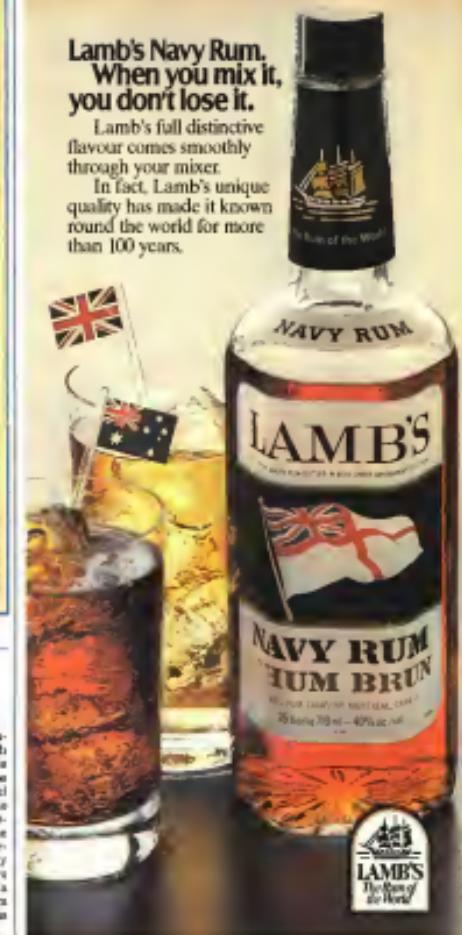
In the end, even the Luyana abashed him. Uganda's President Idi Amin had already lost most of his own army to desertions, and the troops sent to his aid by Libyan leader Col. Muammar Khadafy seemed last week to be his only real defiance against the invasion force from Tanzania. But as the Luyana hearded troops for distant battlefields last Friday, Amin could hardly miss the fact that thousands of invaders were camped just inside the Kampala city boundaries—a few miles from Amin's headquarters—and that his defense seemed weaker than ever.

In a radio broadcast Friday, Amin

## Lamb's Navy Rum. When you mix it, you don't lose it.

Lamb's full distinctive flavour comes smoothly through your mixer.

In fact, Lamb's unique quality has made it known round the world for more than 100 years.





Spain

## More of a fix than sour grapes

**W**ine, sweet and heady with a kick like a mule, is the pride of Frigiliana, a whitewashed cluster of dwellings glued to a mountainside in southern Spain that last week, as the first green shoots sprouted in the nearby emerald, the picture-postcard village overlooking the Mediterranean seemed to be producing more sour grapes than vintage alcohol. Left-wingers and right-wingers, campaigning for seats on the local council, buried charges and counter-charges about the narrow cobbled streets.

One candidate was alleged to be swarming small voters by threatening to subtract their pension payments. Another, a medical assistant, had offered free surgeries to those voting for him, claimed his opponents. And eventually, when the votes were in, the cry went up: It's a jockeying [sic].

The excitement was understandable.

For the inhabitants of Frigiliana and those of 8,000 other communities across the country, municipal elections were a null experience. The last were held in

Socialists celebrating their victory  
and ready with a kick like a mule

1983. So even after democracy came to Spain on a national level, mayors and councillors nominated in General Franco's time remained in office. Last week, however, the voters and "Enough!" Though the country's ruling party, the conservative-national Centre Democrats, claimed overall victory, left-wingers gained a majority of seats in 23 out of 50 provincial capitals.

Spaniards are expected to head Madrid and Barcelona city councils with the aid of the Communists, who had significant successes in Andalucia, the southern region famous for bulls, flamenco and sherry but just as noted for its rural poverty, a radical group known as the PES (Andalucian Socialist Party) grabbed numerous seats by championing local causes.

They didn't do badly in Frigiliana population, 2,300, either—grabbing four seats. But they didn't fare as well as the Centre Democrats, with seven. This was partly because of traditional country conservatism and partly because they couldn't agree on a joint platform with the other two socialist parties—split by a 54-year-old barbed-wire fence.

By midnight on polling day it was clear that there was going to be no revolution. Indeed the new mayor, 36-year-old Antonio Narvaez, was no stranger to authority. At 26, under Franco, he had been the youngest mayor in the province of Malaga. David Baird

Like Milton Obote, whom he succeeded in 1971, Amín was a ruler without a capital, and almost without a country. Last week the resistance forces cleared him off from his hideout in Libya, Entebbe International Airport. The rebels then split into three spearheads that probed the capital, Kampala, from the north, west and south, meeting and overwhelming Libyan resistance in the towns of Kajjansi and Budo. Then Tanzanian President Julius Nyerere reportedly sent a message to Khadafi, saying that the countryside to the east would be left open as an escape route for Libyan forces. (Nyerere assumed as much to instigate a large urban battle as he has been since invading Uganda in February, in reprisal for Amín's October attack on Tanzania.) The Libyans fled, leaving Kampala a no-man's land, with Amín trying to pull together what was left of his army of mercenaries and tribal supporters.

Meanwhile, behind the front, a coalition of Ugandan exiles appointed its first administration in the "liberated" territories in southwestern Uganda. All that remains in this war is the document and, as they've been saying for weeks in Dar es Salaam, that could come anytime. ♦



Business

## Baker



**S**ometimes in the half-light of a corporate mind, considering Canada, this tiny strip of land resembles the main aisle of a department store. If only, if only someone could service it.

Last week, as Galen Weston took another step closer to control of the Hudson's Bay Co. and an untapped dream with combined sales of \$9 billion—\$8.5 billion a year from every child, man and woman in Canada—everyone knew someone was trying. The shooter began

five weeks ago when newspaper-carrying Ken Thomson bid \$14 a share for the Bay. Everything you were afraid to ask about Canadian business concentration threatened to come true.

John Tory, president of Thomson Bookstore (International) Ltd., whose son had joined Thomson's board last week to \$15 a share late last week in retaliation to Weston's \$14-a-share offer, extending the offer to accept any shares that are tendered, when Weston commented: "We're not that big shareholder."

Worried that big shareholders would capture the April 9 Thomson Bookstore—Weston said Thomson Securities Corporation Chairman James Burke to down the revised Thomson offer "now," thereby extending its deadline by law and three weeks and giving Weston the advantage of time. It is a no-harm meeting at the end of the problem is the shortage in the industry. Furthermore, of the largest, integrated stockbrokers—over 100 of them—only BMO has a reputation for not risking its research on underwriting clients, some say

in the detriment of their underwriting business.

Ultimately, though, there is one big question: can anyone predict a company's performance? Says Vancouver analyst Ian Cobb: "A sharp analytical mind, versus an economic mind, would do well in the market. You really have to be intuitive." Two years ago, on the edge of the strongest stock market ever, analysts were recommending an icon of the Canadian market. Now

days from now, it's only for Canada—so Cobb is recommending fairly depressed U.S. equities. Listening is key and the occasional analyst, mind of the loan days of 1974 when brokers waged a battle staying in business, need the market can be predicted—about half the time.

Ian Brown

## ... and the dough advisers

**B**eing here, I met David Brode a week ago as he moved into the Toronto firm of R.A. Daly & Co., stockbrokers eight hectic months with no time to unpack. For Brode is that wizard of corporate creatures—over-worked, off-quoted and virtually unknown—the stock market's wizard. With oil, gas and manufacturing stocks soaring and the Toronto Stock Exchange setting new trading records weekly, these are the golden days of market analysis.

Earning between \$55,000 and \$80,000 Brode and his company conference advise their shareholding clients when to sell and—much more commonly as hope springs eternal in the business base—when to buy. The job, says merchandising analyst George Hirman of Brown, Bain, Alster Ltd., "seems to create a lot of clients and dividends."

But the share shrinks seem to like it. "You actually have a higher profit as an analyst," says Brode, an important consideration come September, December and



Analyst Brode of R.A. Daly. The job seems to create a lot of clients and dividends

March when fiscal years end, bonuses are paid and dividends are made, the best and last going to the father turtles.

Hirman feels that, unlike the U.S. situation, the gap between what good and bad analysts make in Canada is not enough

offices last Tuesday, Jim Terry, John's brother, managed to beat the extension of the Thomas offer deadline to April 12. But, says a Weston broker, "It gave us time. And any time in an editiorial." By Friday of last week, Weston had produced another offer that met Terry's new conditions but that still relied on Weston's higher \$40-a-share price, trading in Bay shares was then halted at a price well above the another offer from the Thomases, probably for all the Bay shares, that could leave them the winners by the middle of this week. Meanwhile Burns, Fry Ltd., Weston's broker in this deal, had taken the next-thick step of trying to sheet "pledges" from major institutional Bay shareholders for some portion of their stock in the hope of luring other shareholders and expanding the Thomas' lot's early deadline advantage.

Neither side impressed observers. "It's a sillyness, this time again," says George Harman, an institutional analyst with the firm Brown, Baldwin, Shuler Ltd., who, along with other analysts, is trying to advise shareholders on the proposed deal. "I don't think they're giving shareholders a chance to say the offer." Indeed, the only passes who seemed to be looking out for any one in addition to himself was John Balloch, meeting talking-head of the 54,000-member Canadian Federation of Independent Business. "When the Thomas offer came through, we were worried," he says. "When the Weston offer came through, we were really alarmed. We couldn't believe it." Balloch's main complaint is that a Bay controlled by Weston—who also owns Loblaw—"has the capability of controlling the development of planes"—and therefore of setting rents that affect consumer prices. Balloch is sufficiently enraged to have launched an investigation in the carbuncle branch of the federal ministry of consumer and corporate affairs. He wants the merger delayed until Parliament returns refreshed and re-elected. But even this most effective of lobbyists has his doubts. "I think the branch head [Robert] Bertrand knows he doesn't have a strong set."

At the middle of it all is Galen Weston, 38-year-old heir of the late Garfield Weston. In the tradition of a father's soil, corporate power is indeed the ultimate aphrodisiac. Galen Weston wants the Hudson's Bay Co., despite the possibly undesirable Thomases, and the single voice of John Balloch and again and again why mustn't this company. The answer is lost among eight years' worth of absurd expansion policy, the gift of a disease, and the secrets of a evil genius' mind. As one analysis observes, "Ego is the prime motivator in this industry. The other is greed."

—John Brown

Hammer-Barbers under the Taft family entertainment umbrella. "It is a fifty-sounding business," says Taft Chairman Charles MacKenzie, "but once you get behind the merry-go-round, it's very complex."

The Taft-Great-West connection began a year ago with a conversation between Power Corp. Chairman Paul Desmarais and Lloyd Taft, grandson to U.S. Petroleum William Howard Taft, at Murray Bay, 250 miles from Montreal, where both own vacation homes. When Desmarais learned that Lloyd's cousin Dudley was looking for Canadian money, he sent them to Power-controlled Great-West which committed \$2 million of its \$3.7-billion asset portfolio for



Westerland's Yogi and park drawing. Yogi Bear and Paul Fleissner's platform

a 15-per-cent share, its first entertainment investment.

The park is expected to attract more than two million visitors in its 130-day season in 1983, with the average four-member family spending \$60 for all-inclusive admission and food in an eight-hour visit. It will provide 350 permanent and 2,000 seasonal jobs, a major reason why the project has long had Ontario government backing through the lengthy review process that included Vaughan Planning Committee, the Foreign Investment Review Agency and the Ontario Municipal Board. The local boosters who sold agricultural land at a major social change are now dismayed. Says Cleve Weston, son and alter ego to Ontario Petroleum's William Davis, "A lot of people look at us as a cash cow, a great investment—'Do get us in place to take my kids.' Taft, with a U.S. board that boasts both a former senator and first-man-on-the-moon Neil Armstrong, agrees. After all, as Davis once told an opponent, "Ego is good against children having fun."

Hedrick McQueen



White heat at the flumes and a giant rotary kiln—over 1900°C, heating 1000 tonnes of limestone powdered limestone into glassy material of "clinker" in the manufacture of modern portland cement.

## CANADA'S SUPPLY OF ENERGY IS ONE OF OUR MAJOR CONCERNS

As a result our plants have reduced fuel consumption by 18% since 1973

Since the energy crisis of 1973-74, cement manufacturers along with other large industrial Canadian companies have been striving to reduce their per unit consumption of fuel. Back in 1976, the cement industry announced a voluntary energy conservation program that has as its goal a 9% to 12% reduction in unit energy consumption by 1980 compared to a base year of 1974.

Our own Company cement plants have already exceeded the industry goal with an 18% improvement in thermal efficiency since 1973. In recent years, Canada Cement Lafarge has invested the necessary capital to modernize its

manufacturing units and to improve technology in the use of alternative and less sophisticated fuels. The results have been more than satisfactory in terms of significant improvement in thermal energy efficiency.

As a Company, we welcome the opportunity to do research and explore solutions to the energy problem with government and energy oriented industries. We feel that through our effort to conserve, the Canadian public can continue to maintain the standard of living to which it has been accustomed.

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10 YEARS OF GROWTH IN THE CEMENT INDUSTRY (1980-1990)



Dave McKay throwing his first ever a sliding Ken Landrum; content Canadian

the "world" championship, the silly tri-colored Montreal Expos were worn by a collection of young and tired dogs, untested and worn area, small and one-by-one bats. Mexican from Lancheros, Florida, became starting打击手. Caesar from Ponce, Puerto Rico, became投手. Luis and Mafra from Arandas became外野手. But, now, memories of los angeles and the off-duty *Paseo* Jerry have been replaced by a starting eight that is among the best in baseball and an Olympic home awaiting a roof. Only the brief but honored tradition of losing more of their winning, and the sense of being surrounded with rivals in a winter capital of hockey, lingers.

The Toronto Blue Jays opened the new in 1977 with a team that could have been the most laughable since Casey Stengel's Mets (before they became笑着). But the Jays not now in the only toothless park in baseball-dom. Looking back, manager Ray Hartfield can now smile—a bit. "Boy, that first year, if you had a Blue Jay uniform on, you pretty much had a job."

Toronto and Montreal have done a lot of moving and matching in their sometimes-baffling, often-circuslike effort to build winning teams. Designated hitter Rico Carty has become a Blue Jay three times in three years with each departure prompting whispers of disgruntlement from season-ticket holders, and each return heralded as a sleep. Fans have been equally troubled by the loss of other necessary heroes, but the Jay management's seemingly systematic moves are settling into place and have yet to reach Montreal's decade of Alouettes and Gaudin's ending.

Unlike the Labatt's beer money in Yonkers, the Seagram's money (which have been paid into my household) a free-spirited market and, while the Blue Jays successfully build through trades and their farm system and count the profits without a peep, the Expos have bankrolled another edition of "the year of the Expos."

They have the best young outfield in the majors—Warren Cromartie, Ellis Valentine and Andre Dawson—and a solid infield anchored by high-priced but long-toothed veterans Tom Poens at first and Dave Cash at second. Added to dependable Chris Parrish at short, the rising star of Larry Parrish at third and workhorse Gary Carter behind the plate, the Expos were supposed to play 300 ball last year (and the year before). But after a good start, they fell apart in the dog days of July and August, finishing behind Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and Chicago. Andi numbers that send looking ahead to their third and 21st seasons.

In the tradition of professional sport, expansion teams join the preexisting circle cage in hand—with no one to wear them. In 1968, when baseball first added an intermission flavor to its queen for

its Quebec feasts in important games and padded their statistics in midweek, the Expos were joined by one man, white players riding the beach staggered out to pitch a 10-inning 181. Manager Dick Williams admits that if his boys don't play over 300 this year, he'll be looking for a job.

As the Expos parade in the weakest division of baseball, the National League East, the Blue Jays are the new kids on the tough block. The Assem- can League East, wittily evading the epithets of their neighbors, the New York Yankees, Milwaukee Brewers, Boston Red Sox and Baltimore Orioles. After losing 102 games last year, the Jays don't have to worry about playing 300—for a while yet.

"They, we looked to strengthen our club over the winter—at every position," Hartfield was saying as he surveyed the veterans and hopefuls hitting fungos and jogging in the Florida sun-shine at the Jays' spring training camp. "You know, you look up and go lookin' for trades, but we didn't have a whole bunch of balls to begin with."

Yet, before winter had sealed its grip on Toronto, catcher Alan Ashby and reliever Vicente Cane were fired off to new employers. The exchange brought starting pitcher Mark Lemongello (three wins and 14 losses with a 3.94 earned run average for Houston last year) and

Lemongello's running liabilities home to the Blue Jays a few days later.

**Expos' pitcher: a sense of despatch while waiting for some star visitors**



shortstop Alfredo Griffin to the Jays. "Mark has looked good and will be a big addition to this club," Hartfield declared. "Cane [who set a Jays record with nine saves last year] will be hard to replace. The relief end of pitching is the most important, and ours has me concerned—but now I'm happier with the other end."

A race that may be young Griffin, 21, intense, drawing on just 18 games of major-league experience, Griffin impressed not only the retirees watching in Florida but the Jays management. With surprising range at short and outstanding speed on the base paths, Griffin may be the most exciting player yet to wear Blue Jay blue—if he can hit big-league pitching. "They had me working at hitting on top of the ball, sweeping down to hit it on the ground. With the artificial turf in Toronto, I may have a chance to beat out a few grounders."

Down the Gulf of Mexico coast, Dick Williams was pouring out of the Expos dugout, but, seeing only those 38 games last year, "We want to do four things this winter without trading any of our starting eight. We want a backup for Gary Carter who caught 153 games last year and who had 100 wins, so we went after a slammer. We want some speed on the bases and some bats on the bench."

With little portion of Seagram's money and a remarkable track record of success, Williams has the resources to do, and many Free Agent Flyer (from Pittsburgh) will spell Carter and free agent Alie Sosa (3-2 with a 2.84 ERA with Oakland) will get a lot of work, helping a good cast of players (including Ross Grimsley (10-11 with a 3.05 ERA), and Steve Dugay (13-5 with a 2.47 ERA)).

Speed arrived in the Expos camp compliments of the Chicago Cubs' Ray Scott (an Expo in '78 and Jerry White (an Expo for part of last year) returned in exchange for outfielder Dan Meigs. Both are switch-hitters and can steal bases. Scott is 27 for the Cubs while playing second, short, third and center field. With Chris Speier having back problems and Dave Cash coming off a terrible year, Scott may become a regular.

But the man who could have the Expos playing important games in September is the Spaceman, pitcher Bill



Expos' pitcher: a sense of despatch while waiting for some star visitors

Lee, acquired in a trade with Boston. After winning 17 games three years in a row, Lee struggled back to a 10-10 season last year while heading with the Red Sox management. Outspoken in his accessible (for halfplayers) interests, life-style and opinions, a typical Lee flashback can be about of the league's consecutive strikeouts spring week, set by rapping reporters from New York and London, the players of course. "Maniac," Williams, of course, says that he's "not going to worry about what he says in the papers. For only concerned with what he does on the field." Outfielder Ellis Valentine goes a little further. "If we have to get special caps made for him, then I suggest he do it."

At the Expos' studio in Palm Beach facilities, confident of their major-league status, the Blue Jays continue to show the young regulars still getting used to the idea of playing in the big leagues. The trade that brought Lemongello to Toronto last week Dick Williams' arrival for the catching job, Alan Ashby, to Houston. "The position hasn't actually been handed to me, but the trade made me a lot more confident," says Cane. He played only 88 games last year with just 28 in bats. "I'd get during something

## Sports:

# Peanuts, Cracker Jack and if they don't win it's the same

By Hal Quinn

**U**niques pictured, wearing plaid shorts that looked like sheep protectors, teams voted in all the women spectators into dressing rooms and vendors hawked "hot dogs, peanuts, cold beer" and "you can't tell the difference without a program" in the stands, occupied and the 1974 National League and 1976 American League baseball seasons opened last week. The summer games got off to its earliest start in history, April 4, and after the San Francisco Giants embarrassed the Cincinnati Reds, there were only 2,165 games left to pass the time before the playoffs.

There's no hurry, the game of baseball, lacy fly balls, hopping live dogs and walked by kids, men and boys who have lost their birth certificates in a game without time limit, taken out of time, returning each spring wearing the same clothes. It waiters back stat-

decided by elections, revolutions, wars and peace, treatise, shoulder of winter and spring, some old stories.

The tales have continued while cold winds swept through the waiting stadium. Pete Rose's flying radio car landed inside in Philadelphia where he will play for \$600,000 a year. Pittsburgh's Dave Parker stayed home and settled for \$1 million for every 182 games and Red Carew packed seven losing titles and headed to California for \$900,000 worth of compensation to win an eighth. Milwaukee, north of the line that separates 106-east dollars from 98-west ones, and single from dual federal tax, the two nominally Canadian members of the fraternity were looking ahead to their third and 21st seasons.

In the tradition of professional sport, expansion teams join the preexisting circle cage in hand—with no one to wear them. In 1968, when baseball first added an intermission flavor to its queen for

well, then sit down for three days and kiss it. Since I've been in the majors, I haven't hit .215 in three years. I haven't played enough to know if I've got 200 hits or a 300 hitter. At least now I've got a shot at it and we'll see from out."

And John MacLennan, excited to the Jays after a couple of seasons with the contender: Kansas City Royals, has become something of a fixture at first base. He had a good year last year, hitting 22 home runs with 30 runs batted in, but the Jays are hoping for that and more this time out. Roy Howell had some problems at third and though he looks like the home run hitter that Toronto would like to have at the position, he hits line drives for a .270 average. Over at second is the Jays' lone Canadian, Dave McKay.

Walking along in the Florida sun, McKay looks like the biggest second baseman in baseball. "I decided not to play winter ball this year," he says, "and went to my home in Arizona and a weight lifting program." The six-foot, 28-year-old native of Vancouver put on 15 pounds of clearly visible muscle and now carries 205 pounds. "You know, I hit a home run my first at-bat in the majors (1985 with Minnesota) and now I

blue Jay Howell going after pop-ups and still hitting those line drives."

feel strong enough to try and crack one every game in a while. Line drives that would have killed last year are sailing this year."

And it's starting to be fun for Expos

like Larry Parrish and Ellis Valentine.

They're no longer part of the same

outplacement of rookies and newcomers

struggling to stay with the team. "It's a nice feeling when star players from other teams come over to say 'hello,'" says Parrish. "It makes you realize that they think you're going to be around for a while. Course, it doesn't hurt coming off a good year." The 35-year-old had his best season hitting .277 with 33 home runs, 70 runs.

Valentine is the slinger in the Expos' gifted outfield, hitting 25 home runs and 76 steals in each of the last two years. Halving his arc-foot, fire-cracker and 205 pounds into a comfortable spot in a spring training dugout, he flashes a smile that's rarely far away. "I'm a man, that is to say, feeling like you are a major leaguer. You don't have to strain and push yourself along trying to impress somebody. I hate to see these young guys [Valentine is 28] extending themselves, maybe getting hurt, when the club knows they aren't going to make it."

"Sometimes I can't figure that club out. You'd think they'd like to have a club like me around for a long time, but they sign me to a one-year contract and hustle over the money. Shoot, I don't know what they're worrying about. They're going to get it all back in fine anyway."

With a reputation for going all-out in key games, Valentine was fined last year for showing up late for a game played long after the players were eliminated. "My big concern, though, is learning how to deal with defeat. I'm working on it, but I've got to take that energy and make it work for me and not against me."

The Blue Jays' outfield is settling down to the point that the good gloves and arms of Rick Bassett and Rob Baylor have taken over centre, field and right. Though playing power positions, neither are sluggers, but Bassett had a remarkable spring, hitting .666 in the Grapefruit games. A late addition from the New York Mets, Rob Brown, will play some left field with Otto Velez and Alvin Woods dropping in.

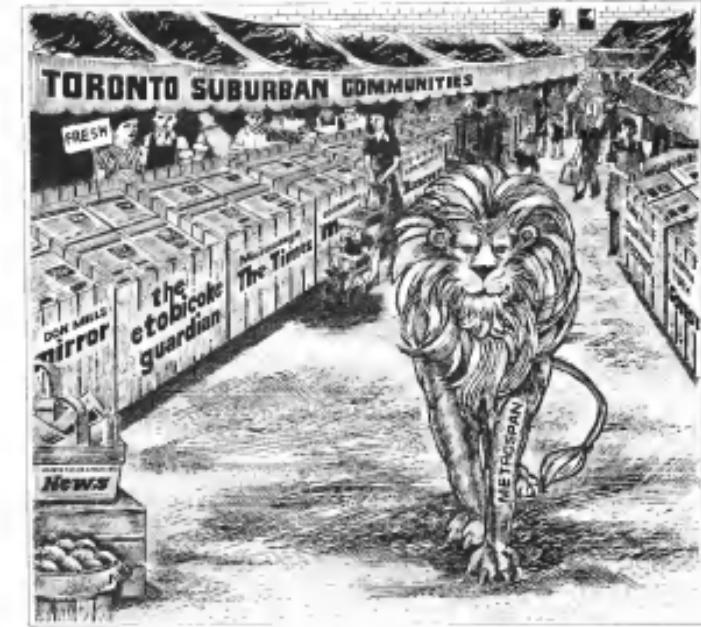


Manager Williams hoping for a winning season and a pub name like last year

The Jays are once again depending on "de transfer" of ageing Rico Carty. Whether he's 38, 40 or older than Luis Tiant of the Yankees, Carty has played 11 years in the majors and hit 905 homers. Hobbled by a leg injury in spring training, Carty says with a big smile, "I don't want to waste good hits in the spring anyway," and adds, "Don't be a dangerous weapon, mom. It's thunder. When de bell ring de transfer going to heat de ball to de bridge, and beyond!"

As Carty is the Big Dog for the Jays, Tony Perez is the Big Dog for the Expos. It was his departure from Cincinnati for Montreal in 1977 that enabled the decent of the Reds to the power in the National League West, according to the Jays' manager, Philadelphia all-star Pete Rose. Rose dropped off a bit in home runs and hits but finished with a .286 average last year. On the field and in the clubhouse, like Carty, he leads by example and quiet and creditable counsel. "I feel good," he says, and adding almost apologetically, "The a's a natural letter A! I ask for a Tony Perez type of year."

And over the next seven months, as the statistics,漫漫 and trivial, are recorded for boys that see this summer, as the daily triumphs and miseries of the Jays, Cardinals, Brewers, Indians, Jacksons, Pirates, Blues, Cardinals and so forth are recorded and over by millions sales removed, north of the border the Jays will struggle to lose fewer than 100 times and the Expos will hope for their type of year and try once again to erase the memory of the Canadians—at least while the grass is green.



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## Lifestyles

## Dream dealers trade on the fancy of fame

**F**rank Kard is a talent scout. Every day. Kard, who runs a talent agency called Talent Search Productions Ltd., patrols the streets of Toronto. A respectable trench coat and briefcase serving as cover, he is always picking through the city's subway stations and shopping malls and fulfilling a dream: the old Hollywood myth that fame and fortune are just a tap on the shoulder away.

He spots a young woman about to board a bus. "Excuse me, miss, but are you with a modelling agency or anything?" The woman blushes, says no, and Kard says, "If I give you my card, would you give me a call?" You really should give into commercials!" "Talent Scout," the card says. "World of motion-picture casting and TV commercials." Kard leaves off. "Give me a call, will you? You've got terrific eyes."

Kard is representative of an unusual type of talent agent.

They are turning people away in droves. He is seeking them out. A "scavenger," the professionals call him, although he says he is simply looking for "new faces." There are certainly lots around. Starry-eyed dreamers eager to pay big money for "quick-success" acting courses where simple hard work and

Canadian are watching a major international film industry develop in their own backyard, and not a few "newsmen" are getting turned on, figuring that they have an easy sell. But the cynics will spot them, the set long enough. The budgeted boat for Canadian films is in the form of tax shelters for investors in movies. It succeeded in television—by mid-July, there were 26 Canadian feature films in production, almost as many as the total for 1976. It is now crowded, however.

Ask Bill Marshall, the co-producer of *Unfragrant*, recently named *smell* to

make *Circle of Two*, a love story between a 16-year-old girl and a 63-year-old man—one of these wags has planned this year by Marshall and partner Hank Van der Kolk. In an expensive mood, Marshall took the Toronto Star recently that "a major cross-Canada talent search will be launched for a 16-year-old girl" to fit the part. The paper hit the streets and the phones started ringing. "We had 16-year-olds calling from Sudbury," says Marshall. A friend recalls his hasty retreat to his favorite drinking spot. "He looked around and the entire bar was crowded with teenage girls, sipping drinks and casually dropping by the table to say hello. They'd researched his habits."

Competition wasn't always this fierce. "Used a couple of years ago, recalls agent Lucy Goldfarb, managing director of The Characters, a Toronto talent agency, "we were able to see everyone who walked through the door. Now we have to screen the phone calls. Goldfarb and other agents say they are swamped by résumés and letters. "Everyone's taking acting lessons, and there are a lot of people on the street with diplomas who have no idea what the business is about."

But sometimes the quest for glamour has painful consequences. Vancouver actor Frans Russell tells of a woman on her way to get her jewelry appraised so she could find out \$388 for a beginners' weekend course in acting, gives birth to a launch her show-biz career.

Such perfectly legal appeals to vanity, in the wrong hands, can take on a criminal bent. "We've had every kind of *scam* out there," says Edmonton activist Doug Phulson. "A guy will pull it up, put as ad in the paper and hold auditions in his hotel room. The next day he's gone, with the \$3,000 or \$4,000 in his pocket." A Toronto woman who walks with a cane was recently approached by two men in a hotel lobby, and talked into borrowing \$1,000 on a pre-empt to pay for her *entree* into the auditions. The men quickly disappeared with her money, promising to return. She was left \$1,000 poorer, but with fresh insight into calliflattery: "It's the old 'Hoorah-for-Bollywood' *thing*," says Phulson. "They pull it and people fall right in."

"A lot of people are simply bored with what they're doing," reasons Goldblatt. "They'd like to believe there is something glamorous that offers a big buck, in easy reach." "It's the old American dream of being discovered in front of *Krewe*," says Toronto actress Lynda Langdon. "It just doesn't happen that way anymore." But still dreary and hard-acted while Marshall and Van der Kolk's year-long nightmare of hauls of 16-year-old girls padding in从 every conceivable corner of Canada, the dreamers are abundant. Cheryl Haskins

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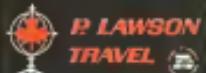
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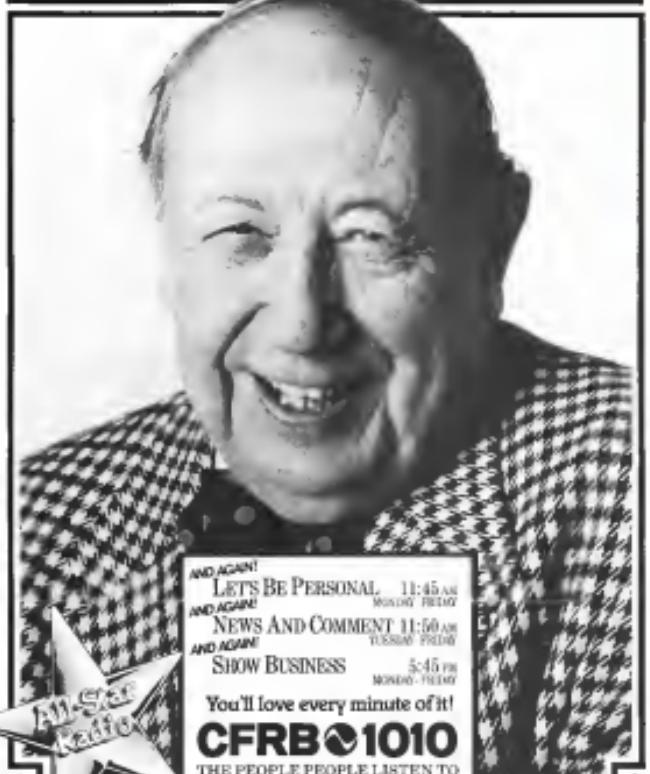
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## Environment

# Of whales and their watchers

"Now I can die easy," sighed the grandfatherly American perch, as the volcano perched on the volcanic rock of Pacific Rim National Park's Bute Island. Seconds before, less than 225 feet away, a Grey whale had emerged to blow a spray of delicate white mist onto the air and then passed, as if to where the wind dissolved along the blue sea. Then, with a shoveman's sense of timing, the massive orcaus arched its knuckled back and dove, launching its fin as high as a flagpole, long enough for even the most exacting tourist to snap a picture. And if that had been enough for one morning, 50 other whales slowly paraded across the mouth of Wickaninnish Bay to pass near the island in a halting rhythm of three blows in quick succession before diving and moving on.

Though seeing a whale might not be the crowning moment of everyone's life, there is a growing band of devoted whale-watching enthusiasts to make the five-hour ferry and car ride from Vancouver, and risk the incessant roar of Vancouver Island's west coast during March and April, to mark the annual migrations of the 13,000 Pacific Grey whales from their mating grounds off Baja, California, to

summer feeding grounds in the Arctic Park naturalist, Barry Campbell, attributes this explosion of interest in whale watching in the past two years to a combination of Greenpeace-generated concern over saving whales, and park-intensified publicity of the whalers' migration schedule.

"There is a constant flow of people coming to see the whales," says Campbell, from his beach-side office, where tourists from Vancouver, Mississauga, Ontario, and Seattle, Washington, stop to request the whale-watching kit advertised on park bulletin boards. The third week of the off-peak late July tailoring the life cycle of Grey whales, offering tips on spotting the whales and recommended sites for their watching, was placed this year in a motel, commercial campgrounds, local libraries and gift shops to ease the growing pressure on park naturalists. "We can't handle all the people asking for information," explains Campbell, who spends most weekends during the whale-watching season, leading groups of students from the University of Victoria, the University of British Columbia, Malaspina College in Nanaimo and Ucluelet and Tofino schools, Vancouver just

Whale watching at Green Point, B.C. — from miles away to see, perhaps to save.

or forest wardens out to Blox Island to learn the art of whale watching.

It's an art as gentle and elusive as the Grey whales themselves—a white spot quickly blown away, rarely a glimpse of more than a harnessed head just around the blue hole, only a suggestion of the eminence of a mammal 40 feet long and weighing up to 44 tons.

"Some people are slightly disappointed," Campbell warns. "You can't see whales like you see them in an aquarium. From above, from below, doing tricks. Real whale watching is a different experience."

But that is precisely what attracts most, although whale-watching. Kit Plaganian of Victoria spent three days with his wife, Mary, seeking out whales to follow the 6,000-mile route with their newborn young. "I find it romantic, even poignant, to see that huge creature out there blowing," he says. After the first exposure, they plan to persuade their friends to join them next year to keep an annual whale-watching tradition.

The Grey whale is the most primitive surviving baleen (those with fibrous

plains that filter food) whale, and the Right whale lacks a dorsal fin. They can be seen from shore as they dive to scoop up great mouthfuls of sand from which they filter swimming tube worms. They feed on fish and invertebrates once they reach Arctic waters far to themselves. Grey's have a life expectancy of up to 80 years.

The irony is that just as more people forge a personal allegiance to Grey whales for having seen them, others have declared war against them. Slaughtered wholesale and nearly decimated by whalers in the last decade, Grey whales were officially protected in 1972, and from a small herd of a few hundred, now approach their numbers to 12,000 today. Between you, the International Whaling Commission, we're down the list against commercial hunting. Though Canada's representative on the commission, Mark Munzer, says Mexico, the United States and Canada have no intention of harvesting Grey's, the Soviet Union already takes nearly 200 whales a year, and may be taking even more when the whales are in the Arctic. However, the Grey whales' new allies are not apt to be passive supporters. The Pacific Rim National Park's whale-watching kit proclaims that, "An aroused and concerned public will continue to be the whale's greatest hope for the future." Flanagan for one has already signed up. "The Grey whales are a lot more valuable to me along the shoreline, than to make things we don't really need."

Well-intentioned watchers may be both a blessing and a curse to the Greys

and other species of whale. The Mexican government established the first whale sanctuary (for Greys) at Baja's Laguna, Baja, in 1972. But this breeding ground, and that at Magdalena Bay, Baja, have become popular tourist attractions. So-called watchers take to boats to get closer looks and though regulations and restrictions on tour boats have been enacted, there are still problems.

The Marine Mammal Protection Act passed in 1972 in the U.S. imposes a \$50,000 fine for whale harassment. "The restrictions don't prevent whale watchers," says Dr. William Aron, director of Marine Mammals and Endangered Species branch of the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration in Washington, D.C. "In a sense they are designed to protect people as well. I know of several incidents where people have been killed when they've gone too close to a whale or a group of whales. Their boat has been swamped by breaking up against a whale, or just by the backlash of a whale's tail."

"It's much like stepping out into a stream of traffic. Whales don't exactly expect people to show up in their environment."

Though the tourists don't carry harpoons, not all just sit idly. "We've found whales on shore that were wounded by rifle shots," says Dr. Aron. "I think it's probably frustrated fishermen, victims of boredom who'll take a shot at just about anything."

Grey whale of Vancouver Island on an age-old trek against man and the clock

at all that moves out there." Barry Huber, a federal department of fisheries officer in Vancouver, cautions, "Periodically whales show up with gunshot wounds. Last year one of the local aquarists saved a young Killer whale that had been shot."

B.C. Fisheries (Gulf) regulations call for summary convictions and fines up to \$5,000 or imprisonment for up to 12 months or both, for those found guilty of fishing for, catching, killing, disturbing or molesting any elephant seal, harbor seal, Killer whale, sea lion or sealion.

So far, whale watchers in B.C. haven't stranded out to sea as they have in the U.S. according to Barry Campbell, and perhaps with good reason. "If someone did fall out of a small boat, it would only last about 30 minutes," he says. "The water is still very cold."

The Greys' travelling show (their migration—11,000 miles each way—in the longest of any whale) is not the only cetacean attraction on the coast. Humpback whales congregate in fjords and coves along the northern B.C. coast to feed during their journeys north from Hawaii. Large cruise ships transport watchers from Vancouver, Seattle and Alaska, and enter the inlets for close looks. The noise from the ship's engines and the mere presence of the ships, scare off the fish and crustaceans on which the Humpbacks feed and distract the whales. Ecologists, including Jacques Cousteau, add friends and watchers of whales to their concerns.

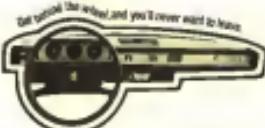
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## Transportation

# Born-again dirigibles, the Hindenburg legacy

**T**he death of the airship industry came that rainy evening of May 6, 1937, when the majestic Hindenburg, that German luxury liner of the skies, burst into a 500-foot-high fireball while landing at Lakehurst, New Jersey. The explosion, which occurred when highly flammable hydrogen gas ignited, killed 36 passengers and 22 crewmen. This disaster, coupled with a world economic crisis and the bone-chilling memories of what Zeppelins' airships on their night bombing raids over London during World War I, meant there were neither the finances nor the inclination to continue flying dirigibles.

Recently however, after more than 40 years of dormancy, daring attempts are being made worldwide to revive these balloons-like flying machines, not for nostalgia, but as a realistic alternative to contemporary high-speed, fixed-wing aircraft. *The New York Times* a few weeks ago heralded airships as being the "toys of the future" since their strength today lies not in passenger service but in carrying heavy cargo. Recently a competition at an international symposium of modern airships held in Paris, with representatives from the United States, Canada, Japan, Britain, and the Soviet Union. Alberta government delegate, Ron Brownrigg, told the Paris audience, "All too often during the past three years, those of us who have advocated a second look at dirigibles have felt we were crying in the wilderness. But now, attitudes are changing."

These working airships being designed for the 1980s are substantially different from their 1930s predecessors. They're faster, consume less fuel, and most significantly, are safer, being filled with helium—a light, colorless, nonflammable gas—rather than hydrogen. Unlike airships of old, requiring sometimes 600 men to man them, these newer models, with their mechanical aids, cut ground crew to a handful. Being energy-efficient, and having low levels of noise and air pollution, hem-

agous dirigibles seem to better soft these times. Now, suddenly, there's big money to be had in building airships and an international industrial race is on to manufacture them for domestic use and export.

Joining this competition are airship enthusiasts in Canada, trying hard to launch their plan. Ottawa's National Research Council recently awarded a \$180,000 contract to Canadair Ltd., in Montreal, to study the commercial viability of various types of airships. As Fred Phillips, the company's chief de-

The Hindenburg is sinking. New balloons are below as still in operation. "We popular as a truck in the backyard"



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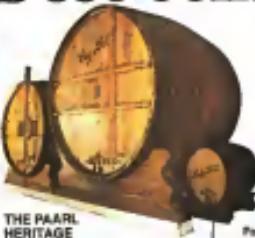
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Walking the picket line, more than child abuse, family and personal breakdown.

very costly, but says the company will keep operating, drawing on stockpiles and buying wood where it can. In Winnipeg it has been using Canadian sawn logs to alternate for truck drivers to bring wood in, police-guarded convoys. Pay is \$100 a day, living expenses and time off every two weeks. The company has also been hiring small army of private security guards to help it operate, and management has been dragging into negotiations jobs.

To further complicate the troubled relationship of Kremers, two other unions weren't working. The 335-member International Association of Machinists and Aerospace Workers voted March 28 to return to work but the 335 members of the Canadian Paperworkers Union are still at odds because they refuse to cross the sawmill workers' picket line.

Terry Colling, 32, recording secretary for the machinists' strike, says bluntly that he doesn't think the sawmill workers should be able to dictate to the company how many owner-operators it can employ and that the sawmill workers may be overreacting, exaggerating the threat to their jobs, but adds "When you, I wouldn't trust anything the company said unless it was in writing. Our own union learned that a long time ago. The company doesn't give a damn about people."

He and a few others would like some compromise arrangement which would allow machinists and papermakers to go back to work, with the sawmill workers drawing back their picket line. "If we were back at work I think the company's stockpiles of wood would be used up quickly and they'd have to negotiate with the sawmill workers."

That plan seems unlikely to be implemented and the repeated call by striking unionists for withdrawal of the 80 Ontario Provincial Police still billeted in the town will likely go unheeded. Kremers Mayor Udo Rauschert, definitely trying to sit in the barbed fence dividing the town, claims he didn't call the police in and can't order them out. But he's certain there would be violence if the unionists the police left. Spikes have already been found on rebar used by wood yards.

Ray Tucknidge, 36, a shop steward with the striking papermakers' union is typical. His father, a member of the United Paperworkers International Union, is at work in the mill. So too is his cousin, an electrician. Meanwhile, he's supporting his wife and child as his a week strike pay goes. "It's a bitter point, but we just agreed not to talk about it anymore," says Tucknidge. "Temper's got hot, especially when you consider that

which will ultimately increase their anxiety and threaten the jobs of hourly paid woodworkers and trades. Members of a few large, owner-operators being brought in to cut a year's wood supplies in a few months. Surviving on \$125-a-week strike pay, picket captain Wif McElroy, 35, says: "Twelve years ago I had the chance to become an owner-operator as an hourly paid worker. I opted for hourly work because I wanted marriage and a family life. The owner-operator has the worry of making massive payments on his equipment and spends two or three hours every night cleaning and fixing the equipment. He has no family life."

McElroy, who has a cousin and nephews in unions crossing his picket line ("I don't exactly think highly of them") adds, "Once you're an owner-operator with the big worries and big payments, the company has you, because you can't afford to stop work for an argument or price. If you get behind with payments, your house and everything, you've worked for in threadbare."

For its part, Rose Cascade prints the stars are groundless. Rose Director of Corporate Communications Jack Borlase: "They're clouding the issue. We'd expect that owner-operators be union members and if they don't like it they can sell their equipment back to us after a year. We know owner-operators are more efficient and they don't need supervision as hourly workers do. We're not union-busting."

Borlase admits the strike has been



Strikers' wives have been around for supporting their husbands."

The community's word is open and festering. Though Kremers' Jack Tucknidge insists the trouble has been exaggerated: "When the CBC cameras come to town it's like a bloody rodeo. I think most people in Kremers are sick and tired of the strikers and of the police. It has been sensationalized."

That view is shared by members of the town's business community, who in general haven't suffered too heavily from the strike. Domally, same bus service—such as the town's Holiday Inn where policemen and certain company personnel are being billeted—are enjoying a business boom unusual for the winter.

A man's throw from the Holiday Inn, a sawmill workers' strike headquarters, comes Vice-President Fred Miron snarly brandishes a copy of the *Boise Courier Quarterly*, the February report of Boise's American parent company. Its glossy cover is dominated by an unfortunate symbol: a cash register staffed to overflowing with money. The back page is embossed with huge dollar symbols. "Geez! That's what this strike is about," he says matter-of-factly. "It's a sort-of-a-bitch," adds striker Wif McElroy, "when Ontario taggers have to fork out over \$2 million to keep a private company operating."

Whenever the strike ends, Kremers' social critics will not lightly be passed over.

Peter Carlyle/Globe

## Medicine

# Healing by phone

**W**hen Lawrence German was a medical student he witnessed a tragedy over which he had no control. A dissident received a phone call from his father who was complaining of a chest pain. By the time an ambulance reached the father it was too late—he was dead of a heart attack. If only, thought German, a physician could harness the telephone to administer lifesaving treatment via remote control. Last year, some five years later, he invented such a system.

An engineer as well as a doctor, German has developed a device he calls a trans-telephone resuscitator. Its purpose is to diagnose potentially fatal irregularities in the heart rhythm (arrhythmia) the moment they occur and to administer treatment in seconds. A telephone handset controls all the equipment involved. The physician never touches or sees the patient.

The trans-telephone resuscitator looks like an ordinary black attach-



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her colleagues to perform CPR (cardiopulmonary resuscitation), a combination of heart massage and mouth-to-mouth resuscitation.

German, an staff at the University

of Pennsylvania Medical Center in Philadelphia, sees the trans-telephone resuscitator as the most effective method of preventing sudden death due to cardiac arrhythmia. "Most sudden deaths occur in the health-care system in emergency situations after via telephone," he explains. "Most people who die sudden deaths—about 80 per cent—do so at home. It's these first few minutes when the arrhythmia has set in which are critical."

Several companies are interested in manufacturing the resuscitator, says German, but there are problems to be worked out with the U.S. Food and Drug Administration regarding product liability. If someone dies while hooked up to this device—though they're more likely to die if they're not, according to German—the manufacturer could be sued. Meanwhile, German plans to test controlled situations as patients in hospital intensive-care units.

German is convinced that for many people such as his classmate's father his resuscitator may be the only hope—one brought closer by remote control.

Brenda Bakke

# Music and silence on canvas



**Y**ves Gaucher doesn't seem to fit anywhere in the cabaretland, inspired landscape of Canadian art in the '70s. He is a native Québécois who thinks art "covers nothing in its geographical or political cartesian", an artistic content to keep rolling paint out onto stretched canvas while others busily experiment in video, performance and mixed plastic media; a solitary, philosophical worker who has more in common with the New York abstracts of the '60s than with his Canadian contemporaries. Nevertheless, as the survey of his past 15 years' work now on

view at the Art Gallery of Ontario (and soon to travel to Calgary) clearly shows, Gaucher has earned a place as the map-eve. If the map has to be redrawn.

Now 45, with the trim good looks of an executive addicted to jogging, Gaucher began his training in 1964 at l'École des Beaux-Arts in Montreal. But his formal schooling was brief: he was lured out of l'École 1½ years later on a charge of imbecilization—and he has never looked back. By the end of 1963 (the year of the earliest work in the exhibition), Gaucher had established

himself with one-man shows in Montreal, Toronto and New York, and with a bundle of awards for his heavily embossed prints. The romantically titled series of prints *En hommage à Weber*—inspired by a Weberian concert he attended in Paris the year before—appear at first glance to be mostly empty white fields, interrupted here and there by random dashes and squares, either cut out or left as uncolored embosses. Given a little time, however, these marks begin to guide the eye through a series of waveforms across the print's surface, gradually disclosing their precise plotting, and the blank plane becomes charged with high visual voltage. Like Weber's musical scores, the prints are both structurally oblique and very concentrated. Unlike Weber, they are also mechanical and fandy gimmicky.

Inspired by the New York abstract painter Mark Rothko and by the color theories of Josef Albers, Gaucher turned to painting in 1964, and over the next few years produced a number of canvases characterized by the same density and complexity as the graphic

'Solemn Variation' 1970 (above), one of the grey series, 'Solemnity - Dixie' (1966) and a composition Gaucher not a retrospective, a perspective

series, with much more vital simplicity. First comes the diamond-shaped Dennis Cooper (1968), fields of color marked by linear cuts that move the eye through dance-like steps around the canvas. Next, the horizontal, contemplative *Solemn/Solemn* (1966), and, finally, the *Repose* (1967).

The period of experimentation with colors and materials came to an end in December, 1967, when Gaucher began the first of his *Grey* paintings. At first planned, there were to be only 12. By the time the last canvas was completed in late 1968, he had made more than 40. Gaucher had finally accomplished a body of pictures as commanding and compelling as anything in modern Canadian art. Not that the *Greys* are any easier to grasp than the Weberian or the surface paintings. If anything, the job of understanding is made harder by his abandonment of the visual handles that give access to the earlier work—the vivacious color combinations and satire, intense compositions. Now, the viewer faces our flat, uniformly neutral silence after another, on which have been drawn a few narrow lines. Even after being observed for several minutes, these paintings are still pretty quiet about themselves.

Here, as before, time is the key that's needed to unlock the paintings' secrets—but time of a different kind. Earlier, one had to wait until the pattern emerged, then perform. The visual generates it. Presented in the *Grey* one is asked merely to wait—and keep watching. Very

little is going to happen. But to reject these shy paintings as odd art is to miss their real gift: their silence delight our own intellectual visualities, but the serenity, the relief from stirring, that comes in the course of certain kinds of meditation. These still, dry works suggest the aspect of Gaucher's personal intransigence during the '60s, especially the mania of Webern and Kandinsky. Stockhausen, modern masters of time, silence and strict formal organization, and the philosophies of Buddhism and esoterics. They can't be considered merely as illustrations of these interests, but neither can they be fully understood outside Gaucher's intellectual contexts.

Not in his next large project, the *Color Series* (1971-1971). Suddenly, there is a new self-consciousness and self-empowerment; a beginning, as Gaucher says, "from zero." The strong colors and bold physical ordering of these canvases remind one, not of Zen, but of sophisticated abstract painters such as Kenneth Noland and Guido Molinari. Superceding the fragile spiritual intentions of the *Greys* is a new muscular secularism, an awareness of the traditional problems of New York art, that brings Gaucher as close as he has ever come to the mainstream of Canadian and American painting.

In 1971 and again in 1973, Gaucher visited the Mayan ruins in Yucatán, and in 1975 the Egyptian pyramids and temples, documenting the sites in thousands of slides. Though he will neither confirm nor deny that these trips have influenced his painting since the *Color Series*, it is hard not to see allusions to the sacred architectures of Egypt and Mexico in the unfurled, voluntary geometry that constitutes the *Archaeon* (1978). The five large works as view are almost architectural in scale, and possess monumental weight. Their rectangular forms are hardly able to sustain the powerful triangular figures within them—figures reminiscent, perhaps, of both ancient Mexican and Egyptian single deities. Enclosed only in formal configurations, however, the *Archaeon* is remarkable for their serenity (which never turns into pallidness) and their human scale. In which, Gaucher never allows to become just another art photograph as a gallery wall. With the *Archaeon*, he has once more stuck his own special territory of contemplation.

One thing Gaucher does do—epitomized in the successive *Grey* series—is to test a bit of his work, not the announced intent of a finale. "And what's going to be Gaucher's next move?" "I don't know," he replies. "That's the whole point of the thing, and of my working." John Bentley Mays

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**Bonaventure**  
WESTIN INTERNATIONAL

# Better than gold

GOOD AS GOLD  
by Joseph Heller  
(Morrow \$10)

Welcome to Heller-land and a conversation between Bruce Gold—68, short-tempered, Jewish and married—and his son-in-law, Andreas Biddle Conover, tall, blonde, math and impossibly Gaytile:

"Andreas, I have to ask you this and I don't think I know how. But didn't you used to be taller?"

"Taller than what?"

"Taller than you are now, I guess. Ralph saw you at a party and he seems to feel you're getting shorter."

"Taller what?"

"Than you used to be, I imagine."

"I haven't noticed it. I am. Maybe I only look shorter because you're getting larger."

"I wasn't there."

"Would it make much difference if I were?"

"Not to me. Although Ralph seems to be concerned. But if you're getting shorter, don't you think we ought to

be concerned? We're getting shorter, too. The rotted nose and all other 'stuff'—see of the name gives me reflections on Henry Kuttner. I think, though I'm not quite sure what it means myself. Heller's most unusual story is rooted in the Brooklyn background of Bruce Gold simply as a reflection of Heller's wisdom in choosing an audience he knows well.

Gold is a restless, intellectual, teaching English at a New York City college, writing a little, and full of the pain of time past, chances missed and too many family dramas. His wife Bella is passive and familiar; his children are active and unpredictable. Gold worries about being a Semite in a world still dominated by Jim Yankees and suffers from near-obsessions due to heavy



## On the train from Wilmington

It is only 10:30 a.m. but Joseph Heller is already exhausted. "You'll have to forgive me if I'm not too coherent," he explains, after briefly sipping a glass of Perrier water and leaving with a fast-food. Trapped by the one-handed rigors of a publicity tour, he has already done an early-morning talk show and a talkshow interview. Now another reporter probes him for evidence of *Yesserman's* take-down (Catch-22), Ross Stearn's re-enactment (*Something Happened*) and the cockeyed ambition that drives Bruce Gold (the protagonist of Heller's new novel *Good as Gold*).

Twelve exaggerated books, *Yesserman* is the outlier. The others are my revisions, but they're not me," he protests. They naïvely reproduce his own life with remarkable fidelity. Like Gold, he grew up amidst the immigrant Jewish settlement of Coney Island, escaping to join the army in World War II. His experiences as a bombardier in Italy are reflected in *Yesserman*, and a subsequent shift as a promotional writer for Tires and McColl's injected Melville American realities into Stgoom's corporate hellishness. Heller, at 65, sits more in contemplation than he does in sprightly. Of course there are unconstructed traces of the past—a classic Brooklyn accent with all the global nuances of that apocryphal Tony Curtis line: "Yessaman has da castle of me hidden da cockpit. But the rest of

existing comes with more difficulty. While working on *Catch-22* he sometimes imagined only a page, a day, and something happened back 15 years to write off and on. Silence for someone who takes so long to think, but his novels come to him in 10 to 15 hours. I can see the whole book with *Good as Gold*. I was giving a reading in管理体系 Delaware, and a woman asked me why I never talked about the American Jewish experience. I told her it had taken me 10 years just to write two novels and 10 never really thought of it before. After raising a question about to interrupt her narrative, Heller puts up a hand. Just a minute. Can't I ask you anything? I giving you a bit will make you very angry. If I had a three-hour train ride back from Wilmington with nothing to do, I took out a pencil and some cards and that's how it started."

Despite his reputation for semi-curtained existence on the edge of depression, buoyed by the self-delusion he attributes to his犹太 identity in his novels, Heller is open and gregarious during interviews. I enjoy them, he concedes. "It's a sign of literary achievement. Heller can talk with people asking me why he failed. Why wasn't he a *Great*?" But even the best-awarded writer in the world sometimes can't cope with famous author status. Quizzing the young telephone he moans. "Look, just think it's impossible—you can't go Boston and Los Angeles in four days!" Then adds soft voice, "Even if you could, it's a dog's life, just anxiety." And who knows better than Joseph Heller?

Rita Christopher

know about it before the marriage and try to do something?" After all, "said Gold, "being rather expensive, "you wouldn't want to get too short, would you?"

Gold certainly wouldn't want her to get shorter; he has a short Jewish wife already. Heller's third novel in his semi-constructed family is readable and close-to-the-bone work. *Good as Gold* is not a "Jewish novel" in spite of a liberal sprinkling of such expressions as "the rotted nose and all other 'stuff'—see of the name gives me reflections on Henry Kuttner. I think, though I'm not quite sure what it means myself. Heller's most unusual story is rooted in the Brooklyn background of Bruce Gold simply as a reflection of Heller's wisdom in choosing an audience he knows well."

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Heller's writing, as his critics have been quick to point out, does suffer from repetitiveness. *Good as Gold* is no exception. And while it is both funny and true, it contains few ideas that haven't surfaced recently at any decent literary party. But Heller stamps them immediately on the public consciousness. God help the Washington spokesman who ever dares to use the word "boggle" or the phrase "I don't know" after this book. And if Heller's satire misses sometimes, as it does, it is not because of overambition or cackling. It is the indelicateness of true talent, which is better than gold. It's pure Heller.

Barbara Amit

## A political inkblot test

THE HYDRA HEAD  
by Carlos Fuentes  
McGraw-Hill/Pimlico \$13.80

A MINIMALIST MANUEL  
by John Connelly  
Plaidhouse \$14.50

BLINDNESS AND OTHER STORIES  
by Gabriel García Márquez  
Atheneum \$14.95

The Marques landscape turns surreal, bone-ripping, sand-blowing, a stark from the sea, vagabond travelling a cactus caravan where the pant has peeled off the drums and the juggler's balls are legend. Magics is invented to head the heads left by the gringo human boom, a poor substitute for hope. Marques never exposes the

Kurt Cobain pushed the button, but no ring. Instead it might have been inside the house his dead people lived there. When the door opened, the monitor said. In incident signs language how we could get more information from him.

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Marquesa Puentés, Cortazar (photo left):  
hope, no hope, hope, no hope, hope

functioning parts of the political system that turns his Latin America so bleak, but describes the eccentric, far-fetched tales of exploitation and revenge and the winds of misfortune.

If communism is the wrong one of Marquez's work, his off any part of the other two books and political implications grow wilder, a thousand Hydra-heads. Puentés is in a spy thriller that plays with its own conventions: the blundering anti-hero, a plot that turns around on itself mathematically, naivete and the confounding gray of political intrigue. Mexico City becomes international Nowhere—week English pub, American chain restaurants, natives doing bad-education James Cagney—just as Mexico is defined by who wins it all: the Arabs, the KGB, the CIA, the Soviets, the endless power play.

Like a pepper-pot giving Pinochet one chance to rule without strings,

Puentés says, Pinochet belongs to the middle of it all, to say it's a man who still isn't from nowhere. The James Bond of a tiny Mexican counterrevolutionary group, Pinochet's policies tell a little story, with predictable results: his name is stolen, his face is changed, his new look is mirrored, his revenge taken away from him. Just politics. The ending is the beginning, repeated. Pinochet, now called Diego Vargas, starts over, this time a mass-murderer.

Looking at the same sublet text—a world shaped by politics, politically corrupt, people ground down into they unrelated poems that twitch and jerk only through mangled reflex—Julio Cortázar sees hope where Puentés sees fanaticism and despair. The hope is built into

the structure of his novel, a revolutionary manual for Mansa, the baby of two members of the Spyocracy—South Americans living in Paris hoping to kidnap an Argentinian VIP at two thousand barks and grunts and jangles like any normal infant as when the forces exist, and into his book get passed not just snippets from newspapers and pages of testimony from South American torture victims, but plots, lectures and love affairs. (The narrator keeps getting indoctrinated by the sensualists of long love stories, forgetting to pass on the actual methods of revolution.) It's not, but deliberately so. As Cortázar writes in the introduction: "the struggle for socialism in Latin America should confront the daily barrier with the only attitude that can bring it victory: one day a precious, useful work over the capacity to live life as we want it to be for that future, with everything at cross-purposes of love, play and joy."

Reading Latin American writers is like picking petals off a rose: hope, no hope, no hope, hope. Marquez sees the landscape. Puentés sees the mechanism. But Cortázar sees revolution in terms forced to spell hope, so that people who live where friends disappear and newspapers speak by the government can read him—and hope.

Anne Collins

## A day in the death of a pioneer

THE MICROSCOPE  
by Robert Leadlow  
(McMILLAN \$17.95)

As the early settlers of Canada farcede away from us in time, it becomes rarer and more necessary to imagine their achievement, their privations, pleasures, faith. The McGregors under the shadow of his own death, a second draft, revised with the advice of his daughter, was barely completed when he died. In his account of Jim's final loneliness and weakness, he wrote with a painful beauty. By this time we have grown so accustomed to the lack of intimacy, distance, suspense that the last pages are a shock. Confronting the darkness growing within him, Leadlow finished his novel with a story as taut and strong as a tale told by his daughter, Alice Marzo.

Mark Akey

## Ah, the General Intellectual

ADVENTURES OF A GENERAL  
by Peter F. Drucker  
(Harcourt and World \$17.75)

Every book has its own best audience. The perfect reader of Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance is a biker who rides in the lotus position. The perfect reader of Water-hip Dives is a pathetically robust. The perfect reader of Peter Drucker's Adventures of a Generalist is someone already interested in both the intellectual life of Vienna in the early part of this century and corporate management in post-war Berlin. Add commanding interests in Drucker's grandfather, early teachers, and a hundred other unrelated topics, and one will have connected a reader who will not be able to put this book down.

Drucker made his reputation writing about corporate management, Council of the Corporation. Now he writes about people he knew well, and some he did not. Some are famous: Freud, Molotov, Buckminster Fuller, Henry Luce. It is revealing that the chapters on people he knew well sound the same as those on people he hardly knew (as a child he was once introduced to Freud); there's a curious distance, a lack of passion. Even when talking ostensibly we can see Drucker searching for a telling generalization, the above all he wants to present us with the meaning of all those incidents.

But he cannot pull it off, and as a result the hypotheses will fill the book only occasionally involving. His analyses, while interesting, are not fast and unadorned to be of much interest to historians or philosophers. His displays of cause and effect are tenuous at best. (Drucker claims that Hannah Arendt is wrong in saying that evil is banal; for evil is never banal though evil men may be. This "opposition" is in fact what Arendt said, despite Drucker's misinterpretation.)

For Drucker's general theories, one would do better to consult his other works, for autobiographical insight, wait for another book. This one illustrates a corollary to the Peter Principle that people rise in their level of incompetence. People have at least one less book to them than the earlier they write.

David Weisberger

### MCLEAN'S BEST-SELLER LIST

|  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. <i>Victor</i>                         | 2. <i>Overload</i> , Halley (1)                            |
| 3. <i>War and Remembrance</i> , Noah (2) | 4. <i>A Very Political Lady</i> , Leith (3)                |
| 5. <i>Chesapeake, Minnesota</i> (4)      | 6. <i>The Sixth Commandment</i> , Standish (7)             |
| 7. <i>The Skin Game</i> , Standish (8)   | 8. <i>The Underdog</i> , Newland (9)                       |
| 9. <i>One of My Sons</i> , May (10)      | 10. <i>One Chance</i> , Christopher's<br>Testament, Hersey |
| 11. <i>Focus One Plus</i> (5)            | 12. <i>The Far Pavilions</i> , Kaye (8)                    |

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| 13. <i>Nonfiction</i>  |
| 1. <i>Learn to Recall by Yourself</i> , Seccio (1)                                   |
| 2. <i>A Gentle Master: The Collected</i><br><i>Fourteenth Century</i> , Tuftsman (2) |
| 3. <i>Breakfast at Tiffany's</i> , Herren (3)  |
| 4. <i>How to Prepare for the Coming</i><br><i>Bad Years</i> , Staff (6)              |
| 5. <i>Madame Bovary</i> , Crawford (8)   |
| 6. <i>Spanner, Love and Living</i> ,   |
| 7. <i>Holstien</i> (7)   |

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|--|
| 8. <i>The Complete Guide to Standardized</i><br><i>Diet, Twinkies, Baked Pot</i> (4) |
| 9. <i>Preparing Your Income Tax</i> , Tolles, Gerchman (5)                           |
| 10. <i>Peter Lougheed, Must</i> ,  |
| 11. <i>Uncle Scrooge's Love Songs</i> ,  |
| 12. <i>One-Dollar Bill</i>   |

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IN A RUGGED, DUSTY SETTING

# Peeling a giant onion so very, very slowly



THE CHAMP  
Directed by Francis Zeffirelli

Schwarzenegger, Wright and Jack Palance in *The Champ* (above) while Bill Peeling his eye

**A** bout the only calamity not in *The Champ* is someone's grandfather being run over by a truck, as he bobbles across the road with cookies for a sitting friend. This waterlogged remake of the 1939 King Vidor classic with Wallace Beery as the washed-up fighter and Jackie Cooper as his adoring son produces an effect similar to what might be expected from a giant onion being peeled slowly. The first problem of a multitude of them, is that it was directed by Francis Zeffirelli, an Italian whose relationship with the English language is strained, the second is unwarlike Walter Newman, an American who may actually someday strike up a passing acquaintanceship with it. Nonetheless, *The Champ* will refuse millions to tears.

Wounded fighter Eddy Flynn (Guy Wright) now works at the track at Hinsdale with his son T.J. (it is played by a scrubbed cherub named Kelly Schreider

goes back into the ring to provide for the child's future.

Zeffirelli (Romeo and Juliet, also a TV life of Jesus), who is also an opera director, keeps piling clichés on top of clichés, hoping to reach the Everest of emotion. Wright, with a page-Brando voice, does decent work, but he has been directed to play to the gallery. Page would be well advised to invent a cutesy quip, considering the lousy job she has had as a mother. Last time—in *Clowning*—she eye of the natural hurricane is Rocky Schenck. It comes and it's over. It is extremely talented. It is also an astonishing source of water. It is a widdle bit frightening.

Lawrence O'Toole

## Buck, Bond and a bit of R2D2

BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY  
Directed by Daniel Hecht

**W**hat we have here is a good B-movie with poor production values and enough audacity to keep the adults at least interested. When a futuristic female space tribe puts the make on Buck Rogers, just thawed out after 500 years of floating frozen in space, he breaks off with "I've got to get my ass on reentry." And when Princess Andria (Priscilla Presley) discusses her beneathly boudoir, the Tepidness, as she and Buck can be alone, Buck straightforwardly replies: "They make better pita if you get them fried."

In other words, *Buck Rogers*, an updated, wry, more to the James Bond series than to *Star Wars*, or even its implausible comic-strip origins (which first appeared in 1929) As Buck's new editor, Gil Gerard has all the moves of Roger Moore, and all the others. And it is his credit—or perhaps director Hecht's—that, like Moore, and to some degree Sean Connery before him, he never forgets he is a comic-book hero. Specifically the chief villain, King Uranus, who is only on screen a few seconds but watch for him in the sequels. Is Joseph Wiseman, who played the title role in the first *Bond* film, Dr. No.

The creators have also given Wilma Dering (Robin Gray) a New Woman image she is no longer just desperation, but the commander of Earth's fighting forces, and when Buck tells her that she is "batty" she just replies, blushing-faced, "What does that mean?" There is also a robot named Dork, who carries on dialogues with a smirky-shaped genius computer he wears around his neck. If

Gerard and Presley keep making a *bill* going easy on reentry

any comparison to *Star Wars* exists, it is between him and R2D2, and it is favorable. In summation, there are worse ways of wasting a Saturday afternoon.

John Gault

## Jumping over a genre with wit

WICKED  
Directed by Robert Markowitz

**S**he's deaf and he's a rock singer. It could be worse, she could be blind and he could be a painter. She (Amy Irving) teaches the deaf but in her heart of hearts wants to dance. Her unfortunate name is Rosemary Lennox. He, Drew (Michael Ontkean), remembered for his strophes on the ice from *Slap Shot*, dreams the lonely,歌颂ing out in Hoboken, New Jersey. His family—mama-addict father, dimly lit stepmother, gangbanging brother—lives in a strong-arm tenement set. It does sound weird, and some of it certainly is.

Notably, writing the dialogue ("It was hard to send 'em," he suggests to her) and banalities ("Real is not easy," says grandpa) in a generic suburban-street atmosphere and a pleasantly sensitive performance by Amy Irving. But what really saves *Wicked* from the seaplane-like fits the genre does is in its continuing human about deafness. Because he's learning sign language from a book the family assumes Drew is going deaf, he explores, telling about his love for the girl. The father asks: "This human, she can talk?" The family's a find, syllables, not deafness, becomes fluctuating. The scene is near magic: father and son, reconciled after a tiff, skim pebbles across the river toward the brilliantly



Gerard and Presley keep making a *bill* going easy on reentry

in Manhattan skyline. As in *Saturday Night Fever*, Manhattan is a suffusa skyline scene.

Ontkean is a pleasant performer and the rest of the actors—Alex Rocco as the father, Herbert Berghof as the brother—never betray Hoboken. But Amy Irving, the *Flirt*, with her irresistibly blue expressive eyes, is a marvel to watch, telegraphing what it's like to live in a world without sound. The best of the up-and-coming young actresses, she could be another Sally Field. Only if someone is smart enough to cast the mould on her. Lawrence O'Toole

## An outing at Zabriskie Point

ROCK AT HANGING ROCK  
Directed by Peter Weir

**J**ohn Wayne had ended *Cactus Flower* without revealing the meaning of the title, and Hitchcock concluded *Parade without Vera Miles* opening the cellar door. The critics of the world would have none in the highest judgment and score the offenders with every pejorative in their arsenals. Yet when Peter Weir conjures precisely that absence in *Portrait of a Gentleman Rock*, he is hailed as a brilliant new talent.

Virtually enigmatic Weir may be (although even that is arguable—Weir's beauty is strangely andlast, but in film it is a story without an ending, and therefore the only proper conclusion you can draw is that you have been suckered into a cheap, engaging trick). Weir, a young Australian also responsible for the overall and equally unsatisfying *The Last Wave*, weaves a fascinating tapestry of events that begins with the sudden disappearance of three private school girls and their teacher while on a picnic at Hanging Rock, in southern Australia, in 1908.

He builds the suspense quite well, blending the pastoral setting with a sense of foreboding, both visually and sonically (howl fate, dark clouds of the organ and piano) a whole series of questions. For example, when one of the girls is found, much is made of the cuts on her hands and face, especially the absence of any marks on the rest of her body. And then it is left.

In the end, Weir only walks away, saying in effect, "You figure it out." These critics who compare him with Atticus have a good point: like his Italian inflection, Weir seems to have a fundamental contempt for his audience. In real life few things end satisfactorily, but in film and fiction, they can. For every pleasure, there are art galleries.

John Gault

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WESTERN INTERNATIONAL



## The flack who brought you Hush Puppies is selling the Prime Minister like dog food

By Allan Fotheringham

One need, the honest one who deals with traps: things, are wrote that each one of us—every human being—is diminished slightly every time a grown man stands on a TV screen and tells how his life has been changed by an undeteriorating. Each lie, each falsehood of dignity, slips away at what man has been trying to achieve over time as crawled out of a swamp. It's a good past, and especially pertinent during an election campaign when all the dishonest jokers pause for a tiny moment from their steady role of diminishing our souls and instead *meat-wrap* the politicians we will choose in the polling booth. Before you get to Pierre Trudeau, you must first encounter Jerry Goodin, the Trudeau purveyor who shifts products and ideals with all the ease of the local teen-agey inflicting the lettuce in plastic at your friendly supermarket.

Goodin, an aging flak with a past-over, has singlehandedly brought you Lipstick Mother and White Bread. He is now working his wondrous cynicism on the mighty Liberal Party to reduce it with the gifts that spell home run with Mr. and Mrs. Frost Fitch. Goodin is a good flak, a superior sort. That means he would spike an otherwise shifting issue and lose. The Liberals hire only the best. If you're going to buy a hunkster, go to the top.

All this is of special interest to three and less because, under the new Election Expenses Act, politicians receive a subsidy from the public purse for a certain level of campaign expenses. During the last 28 days of this federal election—the time the voters will have in on what's going on—the genius of man who devotes his life to snufflers and lemmings will be exposed on the booth to illuminate the democratic process and the snuff for greed.

Goodin, a high priest of MacLaren Advertising of Toronto, the same agency that sacks at the vast Liberal staff, is involved in something called Red Leaf Communications Ltd., a fabled Liberal connection that exists only dur-

ing election campaigns for the purpose of buying Liberal advertising space in newspapers and on radio and TV. The Liberals take care of their flaks. George Elliott, a MacLaren vice-president, immortalized for inventing the LAND IS STRONG slogan, has been rewarded with the No. 3 spot in the Canadian embassy in Washington (It is a large hot among agency regards that in the location, in Moose Grass and Otter Hatch, the tippy-tucky radio stations and such—never having heard of something called "Red Leaf"—often



demanded cash on the barrelhead, associate that the corporate waddles and hawker of all that is good and fine in Canadian life is behind it. The SNP are the Toronto agency of Lawrence Wolfe to place their ads, the Tories are Media Buying Services.)

The vehicle is not important. What is important is the mind of the man who will sell, for a buck, a prime minister as ready as dog food. If we are to understand modern politics, we must understand (however clauseful that may be) Jerry Goodin. He is an intriguing little man who, several years back, portrayed himself as a crossover on social issues although he's never really done anything more daring than trade in his Lincoln for a never Cadillac (when not because a cheap). He is a charlatan, but a successful charlatan, someone who has been able to create for himself a high-profile image of an ad man with a conscience—the social conscience being a creak, in a friend says, "for what has been a long series of advertisements

for himself." Here is Goodin during the last campaign, defending his flagging of Trudeau: "Why is it immoral to sell a politician? Everybody sells something. Sure you try to emphasize the candidate's strong points. Why not? When you're chasing a girl, you don't tell her you've got bad breath."

Here is Goodin in a rare moment of candor acknowledging a reluctant job-seeker at the ad agency. "If you don't want to promote yourself, how come you're looking for work in a whorehouse?" This can-*decent* curse in a gutter little book, *How to You Believe?*, supposedly written by Goodin several years back. In fact—it's to his credit—it was written for him (with an acknowledgement). It fits in with his words approach. For a recent speech to a marketing group, on the Canadian scene, he paid Harry Zait, the certain many times later, \$1,500 to write the entire thing. Then, asked to expand on it for a magazine article, he effused: Michael Callaghan (a factotum within son of Morley, brother of Barry) among others before fleshing it out some more. Says Zait: "Aside from bad jokes, he cannot put a thought together."

He hopped onto the trendy bandwagon for besieged consumers, but then told a forum of insurance firms that consumerism is out to get them and—rage, nudge, wink, winkle—"you need all the help you can get." In that dreadful little book, which Kildare Dobbs as cordially described as "a fatuous exercise in self-congratulation," Goodin had his quackmaster say: "If there is an unavoidable conflict between the communication needs of business and the communication needs of Canada, guess who's going to have to move over? My clients are in advertising."

There is something pitiful in observing the mind of Pierre Trudeau being packaged and sold by a man whose life has been devoted to Hush Puppies and crass year-hurt ethics.

Has he ever lied to you before?

for himself." Here is Goodin during the last campaign, defending his flagging of Trudeau: "Why is it immoral to sell a politician? Everybody sells something. Sure you try to emphasize the candidate's strong points. Why not? When you're chasing a girl, you don't tell her you've got bad breath."

Here is Goodin in a rare moment of candor acknowledging a reluctant job-seeker at the ad agency. "If you don't want to promote yourself, how come you're looking for work in a whorehouse?" This can-*decent* curse in a gutter little book, *How to You Believe?*, supposedly written by Goodin several years back. In fact—it's to his credit—it was written for him (with an acknowledgement). It fits in with his words approach. For a recent speech to a marketing group, on the Canadian scene, he paid Harry Zait, the certain many times later, \$1,500 to write the entire thing. Then, asked to expand on it for a magazine article, he effused: Michael Callaghan (a factotum within son of Morley, brother of Barry) among others before fleshing it out some more. Says Zait: "Aside from bad jokes, he cannot put a thought together."

He hopped onto the trendy bandwagon for besieged consumers, but then told a forum of insurance firms that consumerism is out to get them and—rage, nudge, wink, winkle—"you need all the help you can get." In that dreadful little book, which Kildare Dobbs as cordially described as "a fatuous exercise in self-congratulation," Goodin had his quackmaster say: "If there is an unavoidable conflict between the communication needs of business and the communication needs of Canada, guess who's going to have to move over? My clients are in advertising."

There is something pitiful in observing the mind of Pierre Trudeau being packaged and sold by a man whose life has been devoted to Hush Puppies and crass year-hurt ethics.

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You swipe the swizzle stick to remember a night you will never, ever forget.

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